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OBITUARY

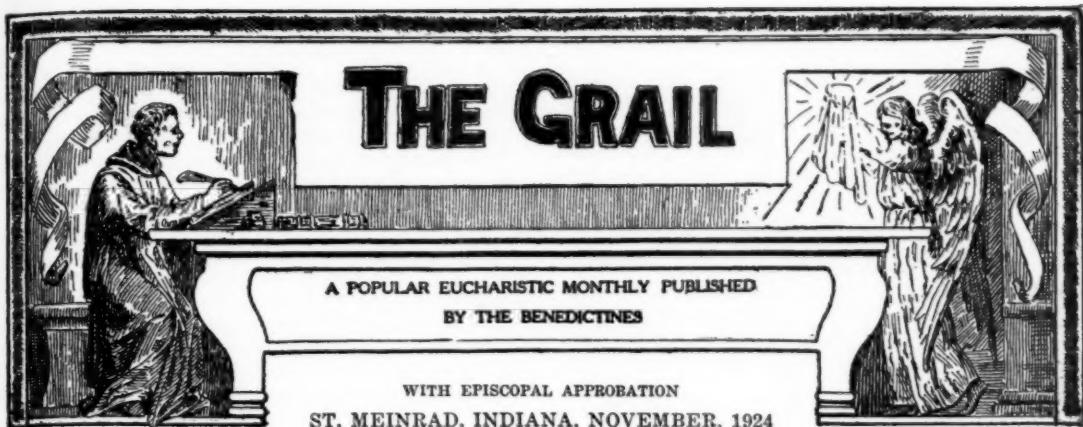
Rev. Mother Aloysia Northman, O. S. B., Atchison, Kansas; Brother Laurentius Brenner, O. S. B., Liberty Lake, Washington, who was killed by runaway team.

May their souls, the souls of our deceased benefactors and friends, and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace.

A Plea

ANNE BOZEMAN LYON

Lord, let me be among those
On whom Thou wilt lay
Thy Hands
When Thou dost come
To dwell on earth again.
Let me press my lips
Upon Thy Holy Feet;
Tho' I have no claim but this:
I have done my simple task
With willing hands;
Have never sat high
In the sanctuary
With cold-eyed
Pharisees, nor whined
A prayer for the acclaim of men.
Each day a cry goes from my soul
To Thee to give me strength
To live and serve;
Each time a beggar comes my way
I give him of the cup
Thou hast told us to, for I know
That in his rags is hid a part
Of Thy Divinity.
So, Christ,
I fling myself deep in the dust
For Thee to lift and sanctify
With Thy Infinite touch.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

The Conversion of Sinners

"I would recommend," says Father Faber in his "Growth in Holiness," "that our favorite devotion should be prayers for the conversion of sinners, with oblations, reparations, Communions, and the like, all turned in that direction. God is always working with unusual energy in some portion of the Church, and is waiting there ready with an uncommon profusion of graces, until we co-operate with Him by our intercessions. Devotion to the conversion of sinners, when and where God pleases, is full of the thought of God, and falls in with all fundamental ideas upon which our own interior life is organized."

The conversion of sinners, the making of non-Catholics and non-Christians one with us in Christ, is the grand object of the International Eucharistic League for the Union of Christendom. The utter simplicity of the League, together with the greatness of its object, should make it appeal to every Catholic. No long prayers or great sacrifices are required. All that is asked is a brief offering each day of all the Masses and Communions of the whole world (for this offering no set formula need be recited—the intention may be expressed in one's own words), an occasional Mass heard and Holy Communion received. There are no dues, fees, or collections—it is a league of prayer and other good works. To all who have the interest of Christ at heart, and desire with Him that all men may be one with Him, we most heartily recommend the League. The editor of *THE GRAIL* will be glad to send certificates of admission to all who apply. What greater privilege could be bestowed upon us than that of sharing with the Savior the glory of winning souls to God? The greater our efforts, the greater will be our reward.

The Poor Souls

The Poor Souls have a month all their own—November, which the Church has assigned to them. While we should allow no day to pass without whispering a

prayer for the Poor Souls, or sprinkling a few drops of holy water for their consolation, we should be especially mindful of them throughout the month, which opens with the glorious feast of All Saints, giving us, as it were, a peep into the splendor and grandeur of heaven, which shall one day be ours. How many that are now enjoying the raptures of paradise have passed through the place where they were cleansed "so as by fire." In opening November with All Saints, the Church would remind us of the great reward that shall be bestowed upon us after we have discharged our debt of sin to the last farthing. The Poor Souls are the friends of God; they are our brethren; their sufferings are intense. Charity demands that we render them all the assistance in our power. If by our prayers and other good works we help them to a speedy attainment of their desires, they will surely manifest their gratitude by obtaining for us signal favors and graces. Eternal rest grant them, O Lord!

Oklahoma's New Bishop

Solemn and impressive were the ceremonies at the Cathedral of the Holy Name in Chicago on October 2nd, the feast of the Holy Angels, when His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein consecrated at Pontifical High Mass the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Francis Clement Kelley, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Oklahoma. Forty or more bishops besides a number of monsignori, all in the purple of their rank, lent color to the solemnity. Several hundred priests of the secular and religious clergy, also representatives of the numerous sisterhoods of the city, together with a large concourse of the laity filled the nave of the sacred edifice.

The new Bishop, who is well known as founder of the Catholic Church Extension Society of the United States, needs no introduction to our readers. Through the Extension Society, which he so ably governed as President during the nineteen years that the Society has existed, he has been constantly before the people of the United States, pleading the cause of our poor and scattered

missions. Although this Society is still in its youth, it has, nevertheless, accomplished wonders for Catholicity. Hundreds of churches have been built, wholly or in part, innumerable missions have been established and assisted through the alms that the faithful have committed to the care of the Society. More than this, by means of chapel cars,—the Church on wheels—the Church has actually been brought to the people. Missions have been given, the sacraments have been administered to multitudes, and the faith has been enkindled anew in the hearts of many who were far removed from church and priest. Countless are the blessings that God has wrought through the Catholic Church Extension Society.

The new Bishop is known, moreover, as the author of a number of popular books which, despite his manifold duties as President of the Extension Society and pastor at Wilmette, near Chicago, he found time to write. The editorial page of the *Extension Magazine*, which we have always read with the keenest interest and delight, was likewise the product of his vigorous pen. As lecturer, Bishop Kelley is a forceful and convincing speaker who knows how to bring home a point with telling effect without mincing words. All who have heard Bishop Kelley at the Catholic Press Conventions well know the whole-hearted interest that he always manifested in the Catholic press, the earnestness and energy with which he espoused its noble cause. Time and again he proved himself the champion of the Catholic press and especially of the Catholic magazine, which owes him a debt of gratitude.

Oklahoma is to be congratulated on the singular favor that Rome has conferred upon it in the selection of its new Bishop. We bespeak for Bishop Kelley a bountiful harvest in the new field of labor that Providence has assigned to him. With his Lordship's numerous friends we also join in wishing the editor Bishop unlimited success in his zeal for the salvation of souls. May the holy Angels be ever with him to assist him in bearing the burden that has been placed upon his shoulders. *Ad multos annos!*

Seek You Mercy?

Mercy is a divine attribute. It was mercy that moved God to send His only begotten son into the world for the salvation of fallen man. Had He not shown us this act of mercy, we should all perish alike. "Blessed are the merciful," said the Savior in His sermon on the mount, "for they shall obtain mercy." We have His word for it, if we show mercy to our fellow men, He will show mercy to us. What could be more consoling to us sinful mortals than that charity covers a multitude of sins.

The opportunity for exercising acts of mercy is ever at hand. According to the words of the Savior, the poor we have always with us. None of our cities is without its quota of the poor. The heaven-inspired society of St. Vincent de Paul, the great apostle of charity, is accomplishing untold good in relieving the suffering by distributing nourishment, medicine, clothing, and fuel.

MERCY IS BOUNDLESS

But mercy is not confined within narrow limits. It is all-embracing. It knows neither race, nor color, nor creed. In every unfortunate human being it sees a suffering member of Christ. Almost innumerable are the sufferers from beyond the Atlantic who, from the depths of the misery into which they have fallen, turn their eyes to America, imploring mercy. The late World War, which has turned Europe topsy-turvy and left it in a turmoil, has made them dependent on the charity of other nations. The war made paupers of the rich and wiped out the middle class besides depriving innumerable families of their natural means of support. From these there comes even to our shores the groans of the distressed, the wail of the famishing, the cry of the freezing.

STARVING CHILDREN

First and foremost among those whose sad plight should move us to pity are the innocent children. Speaking of conditions in Germany, Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan, professor of sociology at the Catholic University, says: "Two and a half million German children will be wholly or partially dependent upon the United States for food and clothing during the next six months. The principles of religion, the precepts of morality, and the claims of humanity combine to make the cry of these starving children one of the most powerful and most deserving that has ever been addressed to the people of the United States."

DESTITUTE RELIGIOUS

Religious are likewise reduced to a state destitution. Great numbers have already died from lack of proper nourishment—have starved to death, very many have softening of the bones and other ailments in consequence of under-nourishment, many have become tubercular. These are the sisters who conduct hospitals, orphanages, homes for the aged, and perform other works of mercy. Even more destitute, if possible, are the contemplative orders whose holy prayers and sacrifices ward off from sinners the just wrath of God. A priest of our acquaintance, who was on a mission of charity in Europe this summer, relates that in one religious community that he visited the sisters threw themselves on their knees before him and implored him not to allow them to suffer cold throughout the winter. They said that it was easier to endure the pangs of hunger than to bear constant cold with no fire in their stoves. Another witness, whose words have been quite widely quoted of late, is the Rt. Rev. John J. Dunn, Auxiliary Bishop of New York, who spent three months in Europe this summer. "Before the war," he says, "the sisters of Germany had ample funds, but now they number among the worst sufferers. They lack food and they lack sufficient clothing."

PRIESTS AMONG THE SUFFERERS

Another class of sufferers in almost as destitute circumstances is the clergy. Very few have sufficient clothing to wear, to say nothing about respectable wear-

ing apparel. They are likewise on the brink of starvation. If they could only receive Masses from America, they would consider themselves wealthy. They would then be able to purchase substantial food and warm clothing and have something left to give to the poor besides buying what is necessary for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Many are the appeals that reach us from worthy priests who look to us for assistance. Not only do the priests of the present time have to suffer great privations and hardships, but the outlook for the future is far from bright. Bishops are alarmed. They haven't the necessary means with which to educate at their seminaries the boys and young men who are preparing, or have a desire to prepare, for the priesthood. As a consequence there will soon be a dearth of priests, especially in Germany.

Winter is slowly but sure approaching. We beg the Divine Infant, who was born in a stable 1900 years ago, to touch the hearts of our readers and those of their many acquaintances and move them to contribute generously of the means with which God has blessed them, towards the relief of the children, the sisters, and the priests we have mentioned above. Do not forget that God will show mercy to those who are merciful—charity covers a multitude of sins. THE GRAIL is more than willing to assume for you the burden and responsibility of forwarding for you gratis the alms and Masses that you would like to send to these sufferers. "God loveth the cheerful giver." If you wish us to forward your gifts, address: Benedictine Fathers, B. F., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

A Marvelous Spectacle

What was probably the greatest demonstration of faith ever given in the United States was the convention of the Holy Name Society, which met in Washington, D. C., on September 18, 19, 20, and 21. It was surely the greatest religious demonstration ever held at the National Capital. Besides the thousands who came by automobile, many other thousands came by train. The officials of the large Union Station report that on Sunday alone (September 21), the last day of the convention, 3,490 cars were handled, which was 640 more than had ever been handled before in one day. To bring in the numerous trains on that particular day 427 engines were required. As early as two days previous all the hotels of the city had been filled. Private homes were thrown open to receive the crowds. No doubt bigots thought that all Rome had broken loose and turned out *en masse* to take possession of the Nation's Capitol. As the sequel proved, however, only the hearts of men had been captivated—the Capitol remained intact.

RELIGION AND PATRIOTISM

According to the program, Rt. Rev. Bishop Shahan, rector of the Catholic University, was to celebrate Pontifical High Mass on Thursday morning, September 18th, in the crypt of the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception now under construction. On Fri-

day morning Archbishop Curley, of Baltimore, was to have pontificated in the new stadium of the Catholic University, though it was not dedicated till October 3rd. On Friday afternoon the Holy Name men visited Arlington Cemetery, where many hundreds of the Nation's heroes are buried. At the tomb of the unknown soldier the roll call of the Holy Name men who participated in the late World War was read. Cardinal O'Connell, who was the personal representative of the Holy Father, laid a wreath on the tomb. On Saturday morning Cardinal Dougherty, of Philadelphia, pontificated in the crypt of the Shrine. The weather would not permit the use of the stadium. At this Mass Cardinal O'Connell, as representative of the Holy Father, occupied a golden throne in the sanctuary. Later in the day, despite the rain, a patriotic pilgrimage was made by 50,000 to Mt. Vernon, the home of George Washington. There Cardinal O'Connell, as papal legate, placed a wreath on the tomb of the great patriot, who is affectionately called the Father of his Country. On Sunday morning again weather conditions would not permit the celebration of the Field Mass in the stadium. For this reason Cardinal O'Connell pontificated in the crypt of the Shrine. For want of room many had to go elsewhere to attend Sunday Mass. But provision had been made to have Masses celebrated at various places so as to give all visitors an opportunity to hear Mass. Even the plaza of the Union Station became a church for the forenoon. Fourteen Masses were celebrated there between dawn and noon. It is estimated that possibly 50,000 heard Mass at this improvised church at the gateway to the city. For the convenience of visiting priests fifteen altars were erected in the crypt of the National Shrine.

TENS OF THOUSANDS MARCH

Shortly after noon on Sunday a monster procession was organized and—ten minutes after schedule time—at 12:40, not heeding the rain, the parade set in motion. The number of men who took part is variously estimated at from 90,000 to 106,000. Of those in line there were more than 1000 policemen in a body from New York City. Besides these there was also a large delegation of firemen in uniform from the same city. So long was the procession, in which men walked six and eight abreast, that it took four and a half hours to pass a given point. At a little past five o'clock the vast body of marchers arrived before the Washington monument, an obelisk 555 foot high, to hear the President's address, which was delivered from a temporary platform at the foot of the monument. The President praised the mission of the Holy Name Society and emphasized the need for reverence as the beginning of a proper conception of ourselves, our relationship to each other, our relationship to our Creator. He declared, moreover, that our constitution guarantees civil, political, and religious liberty, fully, completely, and adequately. Furthermore, he emphasized the fact that the constitution also provides that no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification

to any office or public trust under the United States. Following the President's speech, Benediction with the Blessed Sacrament was imparted to the multitude from an altar on the speakers' platform. Those who could do so knelt on the wet, soggy ground; others, because they were so cramped together that they could not kneel, stood with bowed heads. Bugles blew, drums rolled, and the bands played "Holy God, we praise Thy name." Thus closed the convention of the Holy Name Society. The people dispersed, the President, accompanied by Cardinal O'Connell, whom he had invited to luncheon with him, departed for the White House. Thus passed into history our celebration of the 650th anniversary of the founding of the Holy Name Society, which has done incalculable good in promoting reverence for the holy name of God as well as in promoting clean speech. All our fellow citizens—bigots to the contrary notwithstanding—have been edified at the marvelous spectacle that they beheld at Washington. Praised be the holy Name of Jesus now and forever.

TIMELY OBSERVATIONS

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

The President's Address to the Holy Name Convention

Were you so fortunate as to hear it? No? Then, do not fail to read it. There has not come anything finer from a non-Catholic for a long time. We like to hear our chief executive talk so, or to read his words. We are inspired. We think of that word of the Apostle: "All authority is from God"; for in this address the President spoke in his position as leader of our nation.

It was in no way a political speech; there was no sign of partisanship in it. He praised the Holy Name Society, but did not flatter anyone. And in praising the Society, he did so from conviction based on common sense. In fact, we may say that the entire address was a plea for those basic principles of common sense, morality, and reverence for our Creator.

It is comforting, too, to hear our President reaffirm to us Catholics our constitutional rights. While on all sides we are subject to suspicion, calumny, and unjust discrimination, we are assured anew that our holy religion is protected by the letter of our law; that by observing our religious duties we become better citizens, equally worthy of public trust with our fellow citizens of other faiths.

We may differ from President Coolidge in politics, but we must admire the man of principle, conviction, and common sense.

Speaking of Politics

The campaign is at its height. And in this period of mud-slinging, of charge and counter-charge, of ex-

travagant promise, of gilded oratory, and of self-debasement, surely Uncle Sam must, with all his self-assertiveness, feel just a bit abashed at such a spectacle, and must cast down his eyes before the stares of other nations. All dignity is put aside. No tatterdemalion is passed over; great and small come in for the convulsive hand-clasp. Votes, votes, votes! is the cry. No means, however humiliating, is neglected in the mad rush for votes. And we listen, shake hands, applaud,—and vote in the end the way we first intended.

A Worthy Campaign

Another campaign is on. It is a campaign which is not political, not partisan, not confined to any country nor to any private interest. It is a world-wide campaign for the interests of God, conducted by the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI. It is the campaign for modesty in women's dress.

No, the Pope is not seeking to become the dictator of fashion; he is not telling women what they should wear; nor is he putting a ban on all that makes for attractiveness. Attractiveness is woman's prerogative; but they are urged not to lose their most powerful attraction, modesty, for that which is base and passing.

What strange ideas of beauty some women have. Caesar relates that the ancient Britons painted themselves to strike terror into their enemies. Circus clowns paint themselves to look grotesque. Some women paint themselves, too,—but to make themselves beautiful. However, they are not sufficiently artistic to achieve attractiveness. Far from it. Rather do they accidentally at times achieve the hideousness of the ancient savage; at other times the grotesqueness of the clown.

And clothes! Let them remember that men are chivalrous enough to consider that which is covered to be fair and beautiful. Why should they be disillusioned at the display of gaunt, freckled necks and arms and misshapen extremities. Modesty is the most attractive of virtues. Remember, though, that true modesty is essentially a hidden virtue.

Saint Gertrude

S. M. T., O. S. B.

Holy Gertrude, sainted Virgin,
Thou to whom His Heart was given,
Obtain for us, we pray thee, grace
To possess that Heart in Heaven.

Purgatory

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

It is the light that makes even Purgatory the way to Heaven.—Mary Synon.

In this sad penal Gloom there shines afar
A Beacon-Light that marks the upward Way,
Unfailing in its brightness, Hope's clear star,
That leads at last to Love's supernal Day!

Hills of Rest

JOHN M. COONEY

Chapter XV

MONDAY, in Dunsboro, is usually a very quiet day; but this Monday morning promises a day of anything but quiet. Earlier than usual the wood-fire smoke ascends from the kitchen chimneys; here and there the appetizing odor of frying bacon,—or is it 'country' ham?—floats out over the street; and breakfast bells are rung with an energy that promise good cheer and a lively day ahead. Earlier than usual store shutters are taken down and sidewalks in the business district are sprinkled and swept. Earlier and more frequent and more hurried is the sound of hoof beats upon the hard surface of the street, for country people are coming in, and there is much ado within the town itself. In and about the hotel kitchen there is unusual clatter; the lawyers sit ready in their offices ranged about courthouse square, although it is as yet scarcely seven o'clock; before the livery stables are long lines of vehicles, pushed out by the stable boys to make room within; there is unwonted activity at the garages, where arrivals are frequent and departures few, and where groups form for conversations, today unwontedly quiet; in the courthouse, every official is to be discovered in his office, a most unusual thing indeed; and on every road leading into town, could we but have a birds-eye view, we could see vehicles making their way, fast or slow, uphill or down, winding about or straight ahead, but all moving toward one objective, all moving toward town. For today is County Court Day.

Today the hotel must accomodate many who have driven long miles after rising early. Today the merchants must busy themselves with their sales and their courtesies to the crowd of court-day shoppers. Today the lawyers must all be on hand, not that all have cases in court, but to see and be seen by their clients, and to transact the real estate, or insurance, or other businesses which lawyers find a necessary supplement to their profession in the little country towns; today the gambler and bootlegger are astir to entertain and to fleece as many of their customers as possible. Today the housewife is busy about many things, for she is almost sure of 'company.' If Cousin Robert has to serve on the jury or has business that will occupy him for most of the day, he will surely leave Cousin Mattie and the children with Aunt Ellen while in town. The editor of the *Dunsboro Clarion* comes to his office shortly after sunrise, so as

to fill the "hooks" with "copy" for the printers, and have the rest of the day for meeting his subscribers, for collecting subscriptions, and for gathering, on this auspicious day, public news and public views. For court day makes of Dunsboro a clearing house for news as much as a clearing house for official and private business.

Today the news most talked about is the killing of Philip Armstrong. Even those who do not discuss this tragic mishap carry in their minds the somber and sinister facts which they have heard about it. Everyone realized that this tragedy came directly out of the question of prohibition; some holding prohibition itself responsible, others, violation of the prohibition law. And still, nowhere, on the street, about the hotel, in the homes,—wherever men and women gathered,—nowhere was there acrimonious dispute. For, although very many were angered at the wanton slaying, all were grieved, and common grief made all more gentle. But this common grief of the community did not of itself account for the comparative silence and careful forbearance exercised by townsfolk and visitors alike on this busy court day in Dunsboro. Fear also was in their hearts; fear that an already bad situation might grow worse. This fear was not so much of the Federal Government's officers, for all their ruthlessness and the unlimited power behind them; it was rather fear of the growing suspicion, hatred, and violence between citizen and citizen, between neighbor and neighbor, between friend and friend, kinsman and kinsman, yes, even between brother and brother, and, in a few known cases, between father and son. For everybody realized that things were not as they had been. The people of this county had long prided themselves upon the peace and order existent in their community, upon the friendliness and courtesy which outsiders and visitors recognized and praised, and the inestimable value of which the citizens only now began to appreciate fully, as strife and fear and disorder were driving them away.

And so, when between ten and eleven o'clock the high-powered car, filled with armed men, drove down the main street of the town, the people on the sidewalks, recognizing their county sheriff at the wheel, with five grim-looking strangers carrying ugly rifles, became almost totally silent for a moment, and their resentment and anger grew ominous. Had they known that this raid also was directed against

the Armstrong place, the outrageous indecency of the thing would have enraged many so as to bring them to the point of violence and bloodshed. How comes it that these officers of the law are so callously harrowing the feelings of a grief-stricken family and disrespecting the memory of the man they had murdered, even as his cold body lay for the last time at rest in his father's house?

Johnson had decided it was better not to wait. The discovery of "moonshine" upon the Armstrong place would make the case against the family complete. Confiscation of the estate might follow. At the very least, worry and great financial loss must follow, and Johnson had a strong hope of so reducing them in circumstances as to make of himself a welcome "friend in need." This same stroke would remove Danny Lacey and lodge him in jail, perhaps in the penitentiary,—and that quickly. For it so happened that Circuit Court convened on the morrow. A quick arrest would make it possible to hale Danny before the County Court today; and the County Judge, in the face of such evidence, could do nothing else than hold him over for trial before the Circuit Court. And there would still hang over him the perhaps more serious danger of trial before the Federal courts. So Johnson struck.

After Simkins had returned to town, having "planted" Danny's loft with the contraband liquor, he had found a place for sleep in one of the cars stored in the garage. He was here when daylight came and, with daylight, Johnson. For Johnson's burly constitution recovered rapidly from any temporary disorder, and, moreover, his mind would not permit him to rest until he had seized the golden opportunity offered today of advancing his dearest hope and desire. And so, at the rising of the sun, he had come to the garage to find Simkins. Of Simkins he desired only one thing,—to remind the sheriff to leave town sharply at a quarter after ten o'clock. He would, of course, see the sheriff himself, but, to make assurance doubly sure on this auspicious occasion, he would have Simkins remind him. For, by a quarter after ten, Johnson would have met the train, on which Willie Pat's father was most likely to arrive, and would have taken him to his sorrow-stricken home. Thus he would be on the spot to avail himself of any further advantages that circumstances might create, and he would be there on a most plausible mission. And, indeed, before the "revenue men's" car moved down the street in Dunsboro, Johnson had reached the "pull" gate on the pike. Beside him sat "Pat" Armstrong, seeing nothing;—nothing, that is, save the image of his son, of Willie Pat, of their departed mother, of his son again. As they passed

through the gateway, it is true, he raised his eyes and gazed sadly for a moment at the brick house, hidden in the grove almost as his oldest born was hidden within it. Johnson had no word of sympathy; Johnson had no thought of sympathy. Johnson had plans of his own, and just now his hypocritical expression of sympathy would avail him nothing. His mind was all upon his own interests, and at this very moment he had suddenly recognized an opportunity to improve them. For, as his companion looked sadly up at his stricken home, Johnson had glanced across the creek, and, through the open door of Danny's cabin, saw that young man stretched out upon his bed crosswise, apparently asleep.

"He looks as if he is drunk; that will fit in well with the whiskey in the loft, and it will help out for Willie Pat to know it. I'll see to it that she does know," determined Johnson, with cold glee.

Fortune favors him at once. For, as he assists the invalid father from the car and up the steps of the porch, he espies Miss Bowlder seated at the further end in the shade, and has the opportunity of glancing at her smilingly, and of receiving a similar understanding glance in return, before Willie Pat, who had noticed from upstairs the arrival of the car, had hurried down and thrown herself sobbingly into her father's arms, kissing him over and over as she led him in to the house. Johnson's heart had risen to his throat at the sight of Willie Pat, her paleness accentuated by the black of her mourning gown, her great grey eyes large as though in keeping with the largeness of her sorrow. But the effect upon Johnson's resolution was only to make it harder and fiercer, and he almost uttered the thought that now burningly filled his mind: "I'll have you yet, and I'll have you before very long."

So he went at once to Miss Bowlder with his most pleasant smile and with hand outstretched, to the evident pleasure of the pretty nurse. Then quickly Johnson's countenance changed. He appeared like one in doubt, like one who would speak but feared to do so, like one who might speak if he could do so properly.

"What is it?" inquired the nurse simply enough.

Johnson remained silent, as though pondering. Then he looked with an air of frankness and sympathy into Miss Bowlder's wondering blue eyes, and said:

"I'll tell you; I'll tell you, even if it offends you. I'll tell you because I like you and I like him, and he likes you and I think you like him. It's about Danny. Walk with me around to the side of the house. He is lying across his bed, and he looks as though he may have been drink-

ing. He should be awakened and got away from there and kept hidden today, because it is almost certain that the Government men will be here again on search, and, if they find Lacey drunk, they'll take him. He may have had something to do with that still in the cave. If you think enough of him to go down and warn him, it ought to be done. I'd go myself but that he does not like me. Also I must see Miss Willie Pat at once and then return to town. Will you go and awaken him and get him out of there?"

Nothing could have pleased the nurse better. She wanted to see Danny just then more than she wanted anything else. To her, his being intoxicated seemed only a good lark. And she did want to save him from the danger which Johnson had pointed out. Also she welcomed this chance of doing something for him for which he might be grateful. So she arose at once and left for the cabin, saying:

"Of course, I'll go and warn him. Tra-la-la." And she skipped away with a wave of her hand.

"Good," encouraged Johnson. "And now," he reflected when she had gone, "if by great good luck she is in the cabin at just the right moment, this will be my one big, lucky day. Instantly Johnson quitted the porch and strolled around by that side of the house where Aunt Millie's kitchen door opened out on the little side porch, his keen eye now upon the cabin and now upon what portion of the turnpike lay within his view. Near the porch he called for Aunt Millie. The faithful old servant appeared after some delay in the doorway, evidences of sorrow written upon her dusky countenance. Johnson addressed her at once.

"Aunt Millie," he said cordially. "I want to tell you how much I am obliged to you for all you did for me while I was here a care upon the family. I don't know how we could have got along without you. I want you to accept a little present from me as a mark of appreciation,"—and he held her out so generous a bill that her eyes flew open and a happy smile spread over her erstwhile melancholy countenance. Johnson seized upon this auspicious moment to make his request, for, when Aunt Millie attempted to express her thanks, Johnson interrupted her:

"That's all right, Aunt Millie. I want you to do me a favor. I want to see Miss Willie Pat right away;—tell her it is only for a moment, but right away. Tell her I'll wait for her on the side porch, not in front. Tell her not to delay, it is very important."

From this side porch could be had a good view of Danny's cabin. From his point of vantage, Johnson saw the nurse approach the cabin door. Here, for a moment, she paused, peering cautiously, playfully in. Then, lifting

her foot to the threshold, she disappeared within the room. In her short experience as a nurse, the youthful Miss Bowlder had already found herself in strange places and amid unusual surroundings, but, city bred, this was the first log cabin she had ever entered. To her, this was quite a romantic episode in her present unusual assignment. The interior walls of white-washed logs, the rude chinking of flat stones embedded in a plaster of clay, the primitive doors, front and back, made of rough-hewn planks, the little windows, the immense fireplace in its chimney of stone, the broad planks of the floor, worn so that the knotty parts stood out with a dull polish, the strange ladder leading up to the mysterious trap, the great bareness of the place, all absorbed Miss Bowlder's attention for several minutes almost to the exclusion of thought of the sleeping occupant, who had not even stirred since the young woman's entrance. Even when she became vividly conscious of Danny's sleeping presence, she was loath to awaken him, for she still wished to look about unobserved, and especially to solve the mystery of the ladder, the little trap, and the loft above. And so she was high up on this ladder, indeed half way through the trap when Danny, his nap over, turned with a great sigh of content, and opened his eyes, as it happened, upon a pair of neatly shod feet above, and the fringe or flare of a woman's skirt.

"Well, I'll be d—d," ejaculated Danny, his eyes now wide open indeed and he sitting bolt upright. At his exclamation, the feet and ankles drew up higher and disappeared. More astonished than ever, Danny uttered another crisp expression of his honest belief that what he had seen contained more of the element of surprise than awaits those whose destined end is Tartarus. For several moments reigned silence. Danny broke it by calling out:

"Hello!"

Receiving no answer, he called again:

"Hello, up there!"

There was no answer still. Then cried Danny:

"After all, you know, this is my house; and, if you don't answer or come down and show yourself, I'll have to come up and find out who you are."

There was a slight sound above, which might have been a giggle or might have been a suppressed sob; Danny could not be sure.

"Are you coming down?" he demanded.

No answer.

"Then, I'll come up." And forthwith he ascended the ladder. As his head rose above the floor, he was greeted with a cry of: "Boo!" and he found himself looking into the big blue eyes of the nurse, who had seated herself on the

floor at the very edge of the trap and had watched every step of his ascent.

Danny was puzzled and surprised, and he was annoyed beyond measure. He was not a prude. Neither did he see in Miss Bowlder's prank anything reprehensible. But he was beginning to be annoyed by her company. He was in no mood to flirt with her, he did not wish to mislead or compromise her. Every unnecessary moment he gave her, he felt was given in disloyalty to himself and to his tenderness for Miss Willie Pat. For, by this time, Danny would rather have his heart walked upon by Miss Willie Pat than coddled by Miss Bowlder. For all this, Danny would not wantonly hurt Miss Bowlder, however silly he thought her, and so he laughed good-naturedly with her, and said: "You almost tumbled me from the ladder with fear when you cried, 'boo!' and now let me assist you down from this dangerous perch."

"No, NO!" cried Miss Bowlder in a hasty, husky, altered voice, and with baby eyes astare. "There they are again! Get up here, quick, or they'll see you!"

She seized Danny by the shoulders and almost dragged him into the loft with her. There were sounds below, first a footstep, then a sharp command:

"Come down from that loft!"

Miss Bowlder put her hand over Danny's mouth, but he removed it, and roared angrily:

"Who the devil are you to give me orders in my own house?" And he hastened down the ladder, only to find himself confronted by one of the deputies who had only yesterday raided the still in the cave. The fellow had him covered with his gun, and looked at him steadily with his cold, blue eye.

"Just sit down there a minute," directed the deputy.

Danny had recognized the fellow, and realized at once that this was another raid. For his personal safety from any molestation, he felt quite unconcerned.

"Couldn't you wait until after the funeral to visit this family again?" he asked in a cool, scornful tone.

"We're not visiting the family; we're visiting you. We want that whiskey you've got hid upstairs."

"I have no whiskey upstairs," replied Danny coldly. Only then he thought of Miss Bowlder and the embarrassment of the situation flashed upon him with sudden vividness. He flushed painfully, uncontrollably; and, at the moment, through front door and back, entered the sheriff and four other armed men. Danny recognized them.

"He says they aint no whiskey in the loft," the first deputy informed the newcomers. "Two

of you can go up and see, while the rest of us stay here."

"Wait a minute!" cried Danny. "Take my word for it; there isn't any whiskey there. You can search the place any time you wish, only don't do it now. Take me along with you, and come back in five minutes to search it if you wish. In five minutes, but not now! I ask you as a gentleman."

"What good could five minutes do?" demanded the leader. "You could not get away with it in five minutes; and, if you could, we shouldn't want you to."

"Let's get ahead," urged another; "shall I go up?"

"Yes, go on up; you and Dick."

A little startled scream from the loft greeted this command. Below, there was an instant's silence followed by guffaws and jibes and knowing looks at the expense of Danny, who stood against a wall, with defiant bearing and flashing eye, but with cheeks that burned and with indignation rising in his heart.

What followed may be easily imagined, especially as we should now turn our attention to Johnson and Willie Pat; for Willie Pat has just come down to the side porch, where she is talking with Johnson, who stands on the ground below her, hat in hand and with eyes directed toward the cabin. Willie Pat had come out upon the porch at the moment the armed men entered the gate, and she had seen them first surround the cabin and then go in. At the sight of them she gasped with a feeling of terror akin to horror, and had clasped a porch post for support. Whatever Johnson had had in mind to say to her,—if indeed he had anything to say,—was never spoken, for Willie Pat, her pale features writhing with anguish and with a note of dread in her voice, suddenly gone weak, cried:

"Oh, Mr. Johnson, what are they here for now? Those are the same men! Why do they come here again?"

"They think there's moonshine here. That fellow, Lacey, must know more than anyone thinks."

"How could he? No one makes whiskey here? No one has been here to make it! Aunt Millie and I have been alone till only last week. Oh, look! They are coming out. I must call papa!"

"No, not yet! They may be leaving. Let us watch them!"

Now the men were coming out from the cabin door. They were talking and laughing. Of the first three to step into the open, every one carried a jug. Then appeared two more, holding Danny between them, and leading him toward the car, which stood waiting on the turnpike. At the sight, Willie Pat could not smother a

little gasp, and would have turned away. But Johnson detained her again.

"Watch!" he said.

When Willie Pat looked again, her astounded eyes beheld the reluctant and weeping Miss Bowlder led away by the last of the "revenue-men." As they neared the gate, Miss Bowlder screamed out and resisted, until the officer, putting his arm around her, in a manner forced her forward.

Johnson, seeing this, told Miss Willie Pat hurriedly that he would see her again soon, and then hastened down the hill, calling to the official raiders to wait for him. Willie Pat sank down to a sitting posture on the floor of the

porch, and would not look again. After Aunt Millie, who had come out of the kitchen at Johnson's loud cry, had assisted her young mistress into the house, Johnson hurried back up the slope, entered his car, and drove down to the pike. There he picked up Miss Bowlder and the one officer left to guard her, and drove with them to Dunsboro. Whether Johnson's action in saving Miss Bowlder from a public ride in the raider's car was prompted by some remaining spark of native gallantry, or whether he intuitively felt that her good will might yet be of service to him, one cannot tell. Neither does it matter.

(To be continued)

Sursum Corda

AQUILA

"**S**URSUM corda," (Lift up your hearts), sings the priest at Holy Mass. And the reply comes readily enough, "Habemus ad Dominum," (we have them lifted up, even to the Lord). This seems to strike a death blow to low views, ignoble motives, mean endeavors, and is a clear invitation to a high aim. Indeed, have we not in our chanted reply committed ourselves to *the highest seeking*, "even unto the Lord"? It remains, therefore, that we should make good our commitment, and to this end let us consider exactly what it is to which we have pledged ourselves.

St. Gertrude, in her third Exercise, says: "Yes, He is truly our God, He who hath loved us with an unconquerable love; who hath united to His Godhead the very substance of our body, that He might be our Bridegroom, and might choose from amongst us His spouses. He it is who hath loved us with His whole being. *By loving Him in return, the creature becomes His spouse.*"

There is no doubt about it, St. Gertrude wrote her Exercises for the use of the sisters of her monastery; but, as Dom Gueranger states in his preface to Father Pope's English translation of these Exercises, "they embrace the whole work of the sanctification of a soul." Whilst, then, they are designed specially for those cloistered virgin souls, who "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth," they certainly have a very illuminating and helpful application to all prospective spouses of Christ, that is to say, to each and every soul made available by Holy Baptism to be a follower of Him, each in his or her own particular degree and manner according as the Lord Himself hath called and appointed. For we cannot follow Him at all without loving Him in some degree, and "by loving Him, the creature becomes His spouse."

Such people as oblates and tertiaries will grasp the personal meaning of St. Gertrude's sentences quite naturally: very many of them, I am sure, have already grasped it: others likewise; and will be ready to welcome any word that will tend to bring to the notice and utility of mortals the glorious writings of St. Gertrude the Great. For indeed they are most glorious, bringing to us as they do the very glory and beauty of heaven. She would lead us up to high sanctification by the great highways of beauty, lifting our minds out of that welter of ugliness of sin which is too unheavenly to admit of her mind dwelling amidst it, and so she rises supremely beyond and teaches us to avoid it too; raising us up into the clear and brilliant atmosphere of delights, the very mention of which is a foretaste of the joys of heaven, and the meditation of them almost a lifting of the veil; a view like unto that which Moses of old obtained of the promised land, the earthly Chanaan, from the top of Mount Phasga.

The Exercises are seven, and it would appear that they may be taken singly, or collectively, which would take a week, or six days, if the second and third be taken on the same day. The collective arrangement seems to be the more delightful, whenever it can be so undertaken. In any case, to omit or to slur over even a single sentence, would be like the losing of a precious jewel from a very valuable ornament.

The First Exercise is "The Renewal of the Grace of Baptism," and the foreword says: "Set apart some time each year for dwelling on the memory of your Baptism; and let it be, if possible, about Easter or Pentecost." It would appear as though these times are suggested on account of the solemn blessing of the font that takes place on the eves of these two great festivals. Ceremonies as beautiful as they are:

suggestive of the Renewal Exercise proposed by St. Gertrude. And surely this exercise could not possibly be considered as applying otherwise than to *all*: for to be a Christian at all one must have been baptized; and every one would "wish to present to the Lord at the close of his life the robe of baptismal innocence without stain, and the seal of Christian Faith whole and unbroken." The object of the Exercise is that "you will excite yourself an earnest desire to be born again unto God by the holiness of a renewed life, and to enter again into a restored infancy." So, lift up your hearts, ye despondent ones. Should slippery places have been encountered, let no such be any hindrance to our mounting on high. Rather should we make of all such things a ladder to aid us in our ascent. No need to lie down in the swamp: no good in grovelling in the mire. No. Let us leave behind all low views, which are altogether unworthy of a baptized people, and let St. Gertrude teach us the alphabet of the language of heaven. We must learn it some day, the language of our fatherland, so why not now? It is a liturgical language, that is to say the Church's own, who speaks to us in the tongue of her Spouse, and our Saint always employs this mode of thought and speech. She never gets away from it: all her ideas and prayers run in it continually, for she is truly Benedictine. And through all the Exercises she never once teaches or preaches, speaking to no one but directly to her Lord, her Spouse; leading us as it were by the hand straight to Him. Speaking of the man that walketh in justice, and speaketh the truth, the Prophet Isaias (23:17) says: "His eyes shall see the king in his beauty, they shall see the land afar off." But, O splendid paradox, we find this "land afar off" is in reality quite close to us—is, in fact, within us. "The kingdom of God," says the Holy Gospel, "is within you." Such then is the First Exercise; just emphasizing the foundation fact that *we are Christians*, and upon our baptism building up the edifice of our sanctification—the City of God—the Vision of Peace.

The Second Exercise, a very short one, is headed, "Spiritual Conversion." It is intended for the anniversary of receiving the holy habit of religion, which it calls "first conversion." Surely this suggests that we may find in it some fruitful ground for meditation.

The Third Exercise is for the anniversary of the sacred profession, the day of spiritual espousals, the glad day when the soul was bound to Jesus, the heavenly Bridegroom, in an irrevocable bond of love. We have now indeed reached the cloister. In this and in the Fourth Exercise, which is a renewal in spirit of the religious profession, St. Gertrude has recourse

to the sublime ceremonial of the Church in the Consecration of Virgins, and both are exceedingly beautiful. Shall we say then that such as ourselves have no part nor lot in these sublime matters? Indeed we dare not, nor would we, could we, even if we dared; for, to quote Dom Gueranger again, "let us not suppose that these exquisite pages are useless to those who are living in the midst of the world. The religious life, when expounded by such an interpreter, is a spectacle as instructive as it is striking. Need we say that the practice of the precepts of the Gospel becomes more easy to those who have well pondered and admired the practice of its counsels?" Also he reminds us that "The Imitation of Christ" was written by a monk for the use of monks, yet, after the Holy Scriptures, it is probably the book most extensively read. Again, many seculars delight in the writings of St. Teresa, with whom the Religious Life is the one theme. And really these two Exercises should by no means be missed or even read through hurriedly, but well repay the most careful reading. They need that; for any attempt at description would only be to rob them of their beauty.

Do we seek a definition of the religious life? There is a very good one in the book written by Mgr. Charles Gay, Coadjutor to the Bishop of Poitiers, entitled, "The Christian Life and Virtue Considered in the Religious State," and which received the approbation of Pope Pius IX. I am quoting from the English translation by Rt. Rev. Abbot Burder. "Those who embrace it consecrate themselves especially and totally to God, and therefore the name of religious is given to them by pre-eminence. But as there is but one religion, that of Jesus Christ, and as all the Christian states have their root in Him, the religious state cannot be anything else than a more express imitation of one of the modes of existence which Jesus Christ manifested when on earth, especially of His religious life, which is, as it were, the very soul of His earthly existence." Not that there is question here of the religion of Jesus which we might call *official*, and the acts of which constituted His public ministry, such for example as the sacrifice on the Cross, etc., for, regarded in this light, the religion of Jesus is the principle of the Christian priesthood.

But then there is an initial interior and private priesthood, which is inherent in the Christian State. As St. Peter says (1 Epistle 2:9) "You are a chosen generation, a kingly priesthood." And St. John (Apoc. 1:6) "Jesus Christ . . . hath made us a kingdom and priests to God and His Father, to Him be glory and Empire for ever and ever—Amen." All of us, who recognize this with grateful hearts, would

never dream of confounding it with the superior special and official priesthood, to which there is no means of access but Holy Orders, any more than they would confound their own elemental royalty, this fundamental religion which is the vital breath of every soul in a state of grace, with the Religious State, that is more elevated, more particular, and more perfect, and the access to which is by way of the vows.

But let us also see what St. Gertrude has to say with regard to the point at which we are seeking to arrive, that is, the definite end of all our reading, meditating and study. For general working purposes it comes to much the same thing whether we are religious or seculars. In her Fourth Exercise, before receiving in spirit the holy habit, she exclaims: "O my Master, my Succour and my Strength in the great work I have taken upon me for love of Thy love." And this "great work" is none other than (as she herself expresses it) to "run in the way of His commandments, and not be weary." To *run* is then the end and aim of our spiritual life. We who are so slack and inclined to crawl, or, even worse, to stand still, which of course means to slip backward, need the incentive which these Exercises of St. Gertrude so well supply.

Lift up your hearts then, even unto the Lord, for "he that adhereth to the Lord is of one spirit with Him."

In his Sermons on the Canticle of Canticles (Serm. XII on the Ointment of Piety) St. Bernard, the mellifluous Doctor of the Church, has the following:—"None of us will be so presumptuous as to dare to call his soul the Spouse of Christ. Yet, as we are members of the Church which rightly glories in this title, we at least may each justly claim a participation in that high prerogative. What we possess all collectively in a complete and perfect manner, without doubt we also possess individually by participation." So again, lift up your hearts with alacrity, and let us give thanks unto the Lord our God.

The Fifth Exercise is To Enkindle in the Soul the Love of God. It has sections for Morning, Midday, and Evening: Also for Matins, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers, and Compline. The first three seem to recall St. Bernard's Sermon on the first verse of the Canticles, "Let Him kiss me with a kiss of His mouth," where he supposes first the kiss of the Bridegroom's feet, in penance; Second, of the Hand, in advancing to good works, and thirdly The Kiss of His Mouth, the Spousal Kiss of Union. The meditation at the hour of Matins, is the offering of our heart to His Sacred Heart, to be taught. At Prime is the entrance to the School of Love. At Terce, the learning of the

alphabet. At Sext, spelling. At None, chivalrous progress to "strong things." At Vespers, courage. At Compline, detachment. One would fain linger on the beauty of this list itself; What then must the Exercise be?

The Sixth Exercise is Praise and Thanksgiving. We are making progress. Travelling onward with Love as our guide, we come to the gathering together of all the many things we have received from our God, so that Thanksgiving in our hearts and Praise from our lips, well forth as a most necessary consequence. The Exordium is:—"Set apart a day, from time to time, that you may apply yourself without impediment to singing the praises of God, and thus make amends for past neglect in praising and blessing Him for the benefits he has bestowed upon you all the days of your life."

Finally, we come to the Seventh Exercise, which is Reparation, and Preparation for Death. But St. Gertrude does not stop at death,—indeed she does not even wait for it, but, emulating the holy angels, she sings with them the praises of God, and pours forth her love in strains so exalted, that did not some sadder note tell of the weariness and longing of exile, we might deem the soul to be already in possession of its sovereign good.

The form in which this Exercise is cast is highly dramatic, and our inspired Teacher has impersonated those divine perfections which act on man in this life: Mercy, Truth, Peace, Wisdom, Self-oblation, Compassion, and Unchangeableness. She takes the Seven Canonical Hours, and cites the soul, with Love as its advocate and defender, before these seven divine perfections successively. This has a most thrilling effect, and also leads us nearer still to the sublimity of the conceptions and feelings of St. Gertrude.

Such then are the Exercises.—Published by Burns & Oates and Benziger Bros. in a pocket-sized volume, 214 pages, under the title, "The Exercises of St. Gertrude."

They speak throughout in the exalted language of the ages of faith, and cannot fail to increase in us, as we use them, lively sentiments of Faith, Hope and Charity; and also a greater love of the Church's Liturgy, in which St. Gertrude lives, and in which, whilst singing with delight, she is ever striving to feel all the force and sweetness. And all the way through there is that beautiful liberty of spirit which is found generally in the old-fashioned school of Benedictine writers, and which pervades and possesses their whole mind.

May her heavenly teaching animate our souls to the love of the Bridegroom, who is our Lord Jesus Christ, blessed for ever. Amen.

What Shall I Render to the Lord?

ANSELM SCHAAF, O. S. B.

"I see the President has again issued the usual proclamation," remarked Hugh Verner.

"What proclamation?" inquired Father Gilbert.

"Why, the Thanksgiving proclamation. It is gratifying that the head of a vast nation like ours thinks of inviting the people to express their gratitude to the Giver of all things."

"It would certainly be disheartening if he had failed to follow the precedent set by so many of his illustrious predecessors. Besides, the ruler of a nation, who has his own honor and the welfare of his people at heart, cannot but wish that his reign be prosperous. However, it is the Giver of all things who as chief pilot steers the ship of state to the haven of prosperity, if such really exists. Therefore, by this proclamation the President is but paying a just debt which he owes to Almighty God as well as to the nation and to himself. But this is a mere annual affair whilst in the Church we have a standing proclamation that calls upon us to be ever grateful to our Father in heaven."

"I do not recall such a proclamation. I have never seen it."

"It is hinted at in every catechism and is presupposed in practically every prayer book that the Catholic uses. There is one gift in particular, for which Holy Church bids us to be especially thankful."

"I presume you refer to the gift of faith."

"Oh, yes, for that inestimable gift she wishes us to be habitually filled with sentiments of gratitude. But she insists upon *actual* thanksgiving for one of the greatest blessings which is offered us together with faith."

"I have it now. You point to Holy Communion."

"That's it. In Holy Communion we are given nothing less than God's own Son, for which gift we can never render adequate thanks; nevertheless, we should do what we can to show at least our good will on the matter."

"Yes, Father, this is my very difficulty. I can never make a good thanksgiving after Holy Communion. As soon as I receive, I go to my pew and say many prayers, but still I know that my thanksgiving is very poor."

"Whilst I concede with Father Faber that there are few difficulties more universally felt than that of making a good thanksgiving after Communion, yet may our exaggerated idea of the difficulty not be one of its very causes? In the Papal decree on frequent Communion the faithful are admonished to nothing more than to make a thanksgiving as each one's strength, condition in life, and duties permit. Now as to your manner of proceeding. You say that you immediately reach for your prayer book and recite from it many prayers. Let me ask you, if some intimate friend came to pay you a personal visit, would you immediately run for a book to read a long speech out of it?"

"No, Father, such formality would not be natural. I should give him a hearty handshake and say to him: 'Well, what's the good news?'"

"That's the point. Be natural. In the first place let us give our Visitor a chance to tell us His good news. We may say with the boy Samuel: 'Lord, speak, Thy servant heareth.' He may have a message for us, some inspiration, possibly even a correction. Then we may lean our head in sweet repose with St. John upon the Sacred Heart, abstaining from all words, care, and action, except divine love, as a means of drawing into ourselves the life,

goodness, and sweetness of Jesus, and deliciously melting ourselves into Him whereby we enjoy His possession, feel Him living in us and ourselves living in Him.' The rubrics of the Mass prescribe that the celebrant, after he has consumed the Sacred Host, should remain a little while with folded hands in silent meditation. Now what is appropriate for the minister of Christ at the altar cannot be out of place for the faithful communicant."

"Why, Father, do you mean to say that we shouldn't pray at all?"

"I mean to say nothing of the kind. The fact is, the internal emotions can be expressed best by silence. When a person remains thus motionless, with joined hands, closed eyes and mouth, without speech, his silence may become the highest eloquence."

"But you wouldn't do that all the time during your thanksgiving, would you?"



"No, not necessarily. When our guest has ceased to speak we may give expression to our feelings of appreciation. The first words which the priest whispers after consuming the Precious Body of Christ are: 'What shall I render to the Lord for all the things that He has rendered to me?' So in our first effusions of gratitude we ought to follow the rules of well-bred hospitality, namely, to seek to please our Guest rather than to get all we can out of Him. Hence, acts of adoration, self-humiliation, praise, thanksgiving, and resignation to God's holy will, coupled with acceptance of all the crosses in store for us, and offerings of self-conquest and good resolutions for the day should predominate in the first period of our welcome to the Divine Guest of our heart. We can say with the Psalmist: 'Bless the Lord, my soul, and let all that is within me bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, my soul, and never forget all He hath done for thee.' Above all, acts of faith and love should enter this welcome, because Communion is a spiritual food and these two virtues are the most powerful means of assimilation between Christ received and the soul that receives Him. I might relate here an anecdote of a little girl. Her papa, a convert, was about to make his first Holy Communion. He went to church alone, leaving his wife and children in happy conversation about the event. At the time when they thought that he would be receiving, his wife said to the children: '*Let us sing: Lord I am not worthy.*' 'No, mama,' quickly responded little Marjory, 'let us not sing that song. My papa is worthy. Let us sing: *Father, we thank Thee.*' These words fell from the lips of a child only five years old who died soon after."

"Why, Father, you haven't said a single word about asking for favors and graces."

"I avoided that purposely. In reserving our petitions to the end of our thanksgiving, we prove to Christ our unselfishness. We are not likely to be losers thereby, for Christ's hand will be all the more generous to us as a consequence. Now we may disburden our hearts and speak for our needs, our dangers and trials, our temptations and difficulties, our fears and worries about others who are near and dear to us; we may lay before Him our plans, wishes, and ambitions; we should also pray for the wants of Church and state, for the cause of the missions, for the conversion of sinners, and for the relief of the poor souls. Oh how many things there are which we might place on the altar of our heart where rests the Priest who is always heard by His heavenly Father and who makes at this moment our prayers His own and imparts to them a greater power. One reason for this may be the fact that then our soul

is purer, more humble, and, in general, better disposed to receive God's favors."

"Father, we are certainly not supposed to ask for everything."

"It is true among men one does not thank a benefactor by asking new favors; but Jesus can go on forever bestowing benefits, and wishes to do so; and so to go on begging for blessings from Him is the way to give Him pleasure and to render Him a service, and not only to testify our gratitude to Him but even to earn His gratitude in return. Sometimes we seem almost inspired to ask certain benefits of our Guest. This seems to be often the case with the innocent."

"Have you a case in mind?"

"Yes. A teacher who had been to Holy Communion with her six little charges asked one of them: 'For what did you ask our Lord when He entered for the first time into your heart?' 'To stay there,' was the brief answer of the little fellow. Now wasn't that an appropriate reply?"

"Yes, he must have been a smart lad. Now, Father, you know that the ordinary man cannot think out beautiful words and expressions such as are worthy of the Savior."

"Tut! tut! The Eucharistic Visitor is not looking for order or logic, for grammar or rhetoric. What He wants is a welcome of love. Hence it may easily be granted that the acts of thanksgiving offered by many a poor illiterate communicant are often more fitting, often more pleasing to our Blessed Lord than any that find their place on printed page or that preacher's words have prompted."

"Father, you must have a grudge against prayer books. When do they come in anyhow?"

"Prayer books should serve as handmaids. When the first outburst of the soul is expended and the fountain has run dry the prayer book will aid us in finding new thoughts and in expressing our sentiments in an orderly way, though this point, as I said, is not essential. The utility of prayer books depends not a little on their choice. Some may rather stifle than facilitate devotional intercourse."

"I think I understand now pretty well how to make a thanksgiving after Communion, provided I have the time. But on certain days I could not stay long in church after Communion."

"Well, the time required is not so long. The fifteen minutes which is generally devoted to thanksgiving is a comparatively short time. Should you not, in spite of your good will, be able to spare so much, then do what you can. Pope Pius X is practical. Hence he demands a thanksgiving in keeping with your duties. An example of how thanksgiving can be made under

difficult circumstances is offered in the life of Gen. de Sonis. Whenever possible this general would communicate daily even on the battlefield. In 1859 when, with his squadron, he made an expedition through Italy, he was frequently forced to satisfy his devotion in all haste. He wrote to a friend thus: 'In our expeditions passing through a village early in the morning we notice a church. We dismount from our horses to show our respect to our Lord. We call a priest that he might forthwith give us Holy Communion. Immediately we mount our steeds—there is no time at our disposal—and we make our thanksgiving in the saddle.' Later in life when this pious man had grown old, lost a foot, and lived in retirement, he prolonged his thanksgiving considerably. Thus you see, in emergency cases we can make a thanksgiving on our way from church or even at our work. In fact, during the course of each Communion day we ought to call to mind the great action performed in the morning. Whatever we do ought to be referred to our past Communion as thanksgiving or to our coming Communion as preparation. Then our Communion would exercise a beneficial influence over the whole span of our life. 'Hence,' says St. Alphonsus, 'by the proper thanksgiving the soul appropriates the abundance of grace and drinks deepest of the fountain of life.'"

That evening Mr. Verner said to his wife: "Father Gilbert surely takes the cake when there is question of gaining his point in a chat."

"What has happened?" inquired the astonished woman.

"Oh, nothing. I simply began to discuss a newspaper item and he led me just where he wanted me and gave me an instruction on thanksgiving after Communion."

"That's a strange coincidence! Just this evening when I put Ethel to bed I noticed her as usual running her beads through her fingers. I said to her: 'Honey, you say your beads very often now, do you not?' 'O mama, if you knew,' she answered. 'I used to say only Blessed Lady's, but since my first Communion I say before going to sleep at night and the first thing on awaking in the morning the chaplet of my Jesus.'"

"I asked her how she said the chaplet of Jesus. Then she let the grains of her rosary drop through her tiny fingers and murmured at each smaller bead: 'My Jesus is all mine and I am all His.' When she came to the large grain she prayed: 'My Mother in heaven teach me to love Him.'"

"The midget," exclaimed Mr. Verner in a tone of joyful elation. "I must tell Father Gilbert. This will please him and offer him another plan of continual thanksgiving."

"Yes," said Father Gilbert on being told of the incident, "we can learn a great deal of practical catechism from many an innocent child. Nor is this new. Did not Christ Himself quote the psalm in favor of children: 'Out of the mouth of infants and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise'? Does not the Wise Man say: 'Wisdom made the tongues of infants eloquent'?"

Nancy Keegan

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

WHERE the Francisco Canyon splits the Raton Range and the gray spaces are limitless, Nancy Keegan's cabin clings to the rocks. Its windows are curtainless. Few pass to look in, for it is off the main trail, in the hinterlands of the mesquite. In the ravine, behind the house, are mountain laurel, pines, rhododendrons. A stream flows through.

The cabin is of three rooms, sparsely furnished spotlessly clean. Book shelves are on every wall. Nancy was ever a prolific reader. Papers, magazines, books, are her friends.

A young widow, with four sons she came to New Mexico fifty years back, traveling by ox team. She proved the desert claim, which very fortunately had a spring on it. Norbert, the eldest, was twelve. There was no school in Francisco Canyon—nor is there to this day.

Nancy rode far and near to tell she was ready for work—herding sheep. Soon the Canyon was filled with different flocks. In a year she sent Norbert off to a Brothers' School, and with the three younger boys she worked from desert sunrise to long past desert sunset. When the sunset rested upon the distant Spanish peaks, sending slanting rays across the unmarked sand, they went through sage brush and greasewood to the cabin. After the evening meal, in the drowsy dusk, soft and sweet with the breath of the desert evening, they recited the rosary, then the lamp was lighted and for an hour they read the papers for which they rode forty miles, to Raton, where also their supplies were purchased.

God blessed her efforts. With her little earnings she purchased a few sheep of her own. As they increased she sold them, and made it possible for Joe, the second boy, to join Norbert; in an amazingly short time she drove to Raton with Robert and John, placed them on the train to join their brothers, and drove up the trail alone.

She worked longer hours now. She did not return to the cabin until after night had fallen, and sometimes, when the moon trickled through the shrubs and the mesquite, her stout heart

quavered. She prayed for patience, health, and courage to keep on.

Once a month she drove to Raton for her supplies; the papers that invariably awaited her there, and the letters from the boys. Came a day when Norbert wrote her he was entering the Seminary. Thanking God, she prayed for strength.

The younger boys did not come home vacations. They were desperately poor. The railroad fare was an item. John worked at a priest's house. Robert did janitor work at the College. And so, in the mellow warmth of an Indian summer, when peace brooded over the ranges, she drove to Raton. There was, as usual, mail from the boys. Joe was entering the Seminary. Nancy Keegan cried as she had never cried before. Up the trail, to her home, she sobbed unrestrainedly. Something in her snapped—broke. Sorrow like that would never come again. Next time sorrow visited her it would find a rougher surface. "Nancy," she spoke aloud, "you have no cause to cry. God chose your boys."

* * * * *

She did not go to the seminary when Norbert was ordained. There was no money. The sheep were to be tended. He went into Northern Colorado doing missionary work and for some years Nancy did not see her sons. Came Joe's ordination. Norbert visited her then, and brought her up to Joe's. He was so white and spent, poor boy, and so worn out that he returned home with her for a little rest. When scarce able to stand he went around to the scattered ranches hearing confessions and saying Mass. He died that summer. His grave is back in the little watered ravine. A slender sentinel pine marks it.

John and Robert finished at the Brothers. Robert entered the novitiate. John went to work with the railroad. From the first pay he sent his mother money. At Christmas he came home, bringing the easy chair she still enjoys, and a prayer book. Each month he sent her ten dollars. Each Christmas he came back. He urged her to go to Denver with him. She could not leave her cabin. He sent her books, magazines, and letters, appealing her to join him.

So ten years passed by, and never a month did he miss sending her a letter and money. On a balmy April day she went for her supplies and mail. His letter was not awaiting her. Next month and next he did not write. At last the letter came. He was married. She was not surprised. He was thirty. But she was surprised, shocked, at the woman he chose—a spiritualist. She prayed more, penanced herself, answered his letter, and waited. A month. A

year. He sent her a beautiful card at Christmas. Silence again.

Norbert wrote he was ill, at his little mission in northern Colorado. She rode six miles over the range to Vincenzo Amato, who agreed to tend the sheep while she was with Norbert. In preparation for her journey she removed the hearthstone and took from beneath it the money John had sent her. She deposited it in the Raton Bank, boarded No. 6 and went to Norbert.

Six months later she came back. When Steve Obregon, the liveryman who took her out to the cabin, asked her how Norbert was, very calmly she told of his death, and the little burial plot behind his church.

He left her on the trail some two hundred feet from the cabin. She went into her home. Somehow it looked different. In the great easy chair John had brought her from Denver was a baby! Wide eyed it surveyed her.

"You little darling! I hope you are a girl. I always prayed for a girl, and I had named every one of my boys Eileen before they were born," said Nancy bending over it.

A shadow crossed the door way. A voice asked: "Who are you?"

"I am Nancy Keegan, owner of this cabin, and I am glad to welcome you and the baby," replied Nancy.

The woman was young and frail. Nancy asked no questions. She took them both out with her behind the sheep. The young woman lay prone on the sands and watched Nancy read her prayer book, her newspaper, her magazine, say her rosary, or play with the baby.

With the first snow the woman no longer followed the sheep. She grew weaker. Nancy knew the signs. Abruptly she asked: "What is your name?"

Up to this the young woman had told her nothing and Nancy thanked God for having sent them.

"Mrs. John Keegan and the baby's name is Nancy, after you. John ran away from me because I was a spiritualist and nagged at him for not seeing as I saw," she answered.

Nancy smiled and busied herself with the long delayed supper. A few days later Father Cooney, who had a mission at Folsom, stopped at the cabin. Nancy was out with the sheep. Mrs. John, who had read, studied, grieved, and learned from Nancy, asked Father to direct her. She was baptized.

She lingered until summer. She lies beside Joe in the ravine. Little Nanceen followed her grandmother behind the sheep, and from her learned to read, write, figure, and pray. When she was ten her father returned to the home of his childhood. Like the others he came back

to die. He too lies in the pine-guarded ravine beside his wife.

The day after the funeral Nancy took Nanceen to Walsenburg to the convent school. In the Raton Bank was the money her father had sent. In another ten years she came back, a beautiful young woman, tall, wonderfully vital, filled with a desire to be of use in world. She rebelled at the lonesomeness of the range. The nearest neighbor was six miles. The primitiveness, the hard living, the lack of associates, told on her. Nancy let her go.

Once more she raised the hearthstone, removed her savings, and gave it to Nanceen, who opened a gift shop in Denver, and is a thorough business woman. Each Christmas she comes to the lonely cabin on the range, as did her father, and like him she bears gifts to Nancy. She begs the old lady leave the sheep and come up to Denver. Nancy shakes her head.

"You will be found dead, Granny dear, and it will look like I neglected you. How can you live alone?"

"Hush, alanna. I am not alone. Your mother, father, and Joe are here." She pointed to the ravine. "My heart is here. You have your own path to follow. Trust in God and go on."

"Granny, you could go to Mass every day."

"We have Mass every two weeks at De Verde, and that is only twenty miles. I am young enough to ride a horse. With God's help I get there. I tell you Nanceen, when I am old, too old to work, I will go to Denver and live with you."

Animals and Antiseptic Surgery

INDIANA STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

MOST of the great boons brought to mankind in the last half century have been the result of experimental research conducted through the medium of animals.

These friends of research have given us antiseptic surgery and its wonderful results in every region and organ of the body; have abolished, or nearly abolished lockjaw, blood poisoning, erysipelas, hydrophobia, yellow fever; have taught us how to make maternity almost absolutely safe; how to reduce the mortality of diphtheria and cerebrospinal meningitis to one-fourth, and one-third their former death rate, and have saved thousands of the lower animals from their own special diseases.

Even in surgery it is doubtful if a more wonderful improvement has been realized than in maternity hospitals and in private obstetric practice as a direct result of the work of Pasteur and Lister, the great French and English scientists.

Almost every woman who entered such a hospital was doomed to suffer an attack of the fever, and its mortality sometimes ran up to seventy-five, or even more, out of every hundred mothers. Often such hospitals had to be closed until the then unknown poison disappeared. Not a few obstetricians had to quit practice entirely for weeks because every woman they attended fell ill of the disease and many died.

Finally Pasteur appeared on the field. In 1878, in a discussion on puerperal fever at the Paris Academy of Medicine, after a member had eloquently discussed various alleged causes of these epidemics, Pasteur interrupted and said: "All this has nothing to do with the cause of these epidemics. It is the doctors who transport the microbe from a sick woman to a healthy woman." When the speaker responded that he feared they would never find this microbe, Pasteur immediately advanced to the blackboard, drew the picture of what is now known as the streptococcus and said: "This is the cause of the disease."

This recognition of the streptococcus as the cause of puerperal fever and the consequent adoption of antiseptic methods have practically abolished puerperal fever and reduced the mortality in maternity cases to less than one in a hundred. The laboratory test tubes and experiments on animals were the chief means by which this scourge of motherhood has been banished.

In discovering the cerebrospinal meningitis serum Dr. Flexner experimented on twenty-five monkeys and one hundred guinea pigs. Many of these animals themselves had been cured by the use of the serum. Having, therefore, found it effective in animals he proceeded to test it on human beings.

Before the introduction of the serum, medicine was almost helpless. Whatever treatment was adopted, seventy-five to ninety patients out of one hundred were sure to die. Treatment with serum in cases of epidemic cerebrospinal meningitis has greatly reduced the death rate.

Blood transfusion was made successful through experiments conducted on animals, and the first antiseptic experiments were made on animals.

In addition to all these, another fearful disease, yellow fever, has also been abolished by experiment which was necessary for the final convincing proof. The only way to give the absolute proof was for a well man to be bitten by a mosquito known to be infected. Dr. Carroll, of the United States Army was the first one to offer himself. Other men followed—doctors, soldiers and others. Several lost their

(Continued on page 324)

The Eucharist our Greatest Treasure

IN his invitation to priest and people to attend the Regional Eucharistic Congress, which convened at St. Mary-of-the-Woods on September 10th and 11th, the Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Bishop of Indianapolis, gave the following excellent instruction on the Holy Eucharist, which deserves a place of prominence in THE GRAIL:

We need not be reminded that the Holy Eucharist is our supreme treasure on earth, the greatest gift of God to man, a summary of all His mercies, Christ's continual life-giving presence in our midst, the life of the Church, and the life of every member of the Church, the bond of closest union and most perfect unity of all the faithful. "For we, being many, are one bread, one body, all that partake of One Bread." I Cor. 10:17.

The unchanging devotion to this perennial Object of worship, this inexhaustible Fountain of divine grace, has ever rightly been regarded as the preeminent characteristic of the true Catholic. Where such devotion is found, religion flourishes and attains the highest and finest type. Ever since this great mystery was prefigured in the Old Testament, and since it became an accomplished fact in the New Testament, there have not been lacking faithful souls who acknowledged in becoming manner the benignity of God, demonstrated their heartfelt gratitude, and joyously received this marvelous gift. Innumerable passages of Sacred Scripture, in both dispensations, constitute monumental proof of the constancy, both of belief and practice, concerning this all-important divine institution, and the entire history of the true religion is replete with references to its significance for the profound effect upon the individual human soul, and its influence on the destiny of communities, large and small. Wherever such faith prevails, certain ideals and modes of life emerge, and God is in the midst of that people. This divine assurance is given early, as in the twenty-ninth chapter of the

Book of Exodus, verse forty-second, we read: "It is a sacrifice to the Lord, by perpetual oblation unto your generations, at the door of the tabernacle of the testimony before the Lord, where I will appoint to speak unto thee. And there will I command the children of Israel, and the altar shall be sanctified by my glory... and I will dwell in the midst of the children of Israel, and will be their God." In the Book of Isaiah we read—(Chap. 15:5): "A throne shall be prepared in mercy and One shall sit upon it in truth in the tabernacle of David." And again, in the Book of Wisdom—(Chap. 16:20): "Thou didst feed Thy people with the food of angels, and gavest them bread from heaven prepared without labor; having in it all that is delicious and the sweetness of every taste."

Finally, Our Lord Himself reveals the gran-



CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
SAINT MARY-OF-THE-WOODS

deur of this gift, in the thrilling words of the sixth chapter of Saint John's Gospel, verse thirty-three: "For the Bread of God is that which cometh down from Heaven, and giveth life to the world. They said therefore unto Him: Lord, give us always this Bread. And Jesus said to them: I am the Bread of Life, he that cometh to Me shall not hunger; and he that believeth in Me shall never thirst." And again, further on, in the same chapter, verse fifty-five: "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, hath everlasting Life: and I will raise him up on the last day. For My Flesh is meat indeed; and My Blood is drink indeed; He that eateth My Flesh, and drinketh My Blood, abideth in Me and I in Him." This is the fulfillment of the promise: "I will not leave you orphans: I will come to you"—St. John 14:8; not merely once, but often in life—as often as there is earnest desire on the part of the recipient—and in the last Holy Communion, as Viaticum: "I will come again and take you to Myself, that where I am, you also may be." St. John, 14:3.

This priceless gift, besides sustaining and fortifying us during our perilous journey through life, becomes the pledge of a glorious resurrection and eternal happiness. Amid the difficulties, disappointments, pain and sorrow mingled with the joys of earth, is it possible to overestimate the value of such a gift, of such a Helper, such a Friend, capable, willing, ever at hand, and ready to save us in any and all emergencies? By imparting to us His divine Life, by sharing and sanctifying our nature, in order that we may have part with Him, actually becoming one with Him—as He himself expresses it—He enables us to overcome fear, to triumph over all enemies, all forms of adversity, our own inherent weaknesses and acquired miseries, death, and all the powers of evil. He comforts us in misfortune, preserves us from vain glory and arrogance and self-deception, helps us in the performance of duty, the practice of virtue, of every kind, including renunciation—so little understood by the worldly-minded—briefly, He alone can, and does, if we have recourse to Him, cure our many different spiritual distempers and renders us fit to become elect friends of God and heirs of the Kingdom of Heaven.

Were we profoundly moved by these reflections, how eagerly, devoutly and regularly we should assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; with what humility, reverence and ardent love we should approach the Altar upon which Our Lord Jesus Christ continually offers Himself, as He once did upon Calvary, a Victim for our sins. What a source of spiritual gain and happiness daily attendance at Mass and daily fer-

vent Communion would become for us, did we but faintly comprehend the generosity of God, revealed in the Most Blessed Sacrament, and sense our own serious needs and miseries. What incredible privileges and opportunities we enjoy—and appreciate so inadequately—of approaching the All-Powerful, All-Merciful Saviour of the world, really, truly and substantially present upon our altars!

Devout souls delight in frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament; they find in them relief from the pressure of care; solace, hope and strength to go forward in the battle of life; peace, light and guidance, if not an opportunity to anticipate the joyous occupations of the very blessed in Heaven! It is a very beautiful custom, a holy practice, and can not be too highly commended; yet it is sadly neglected and perhaps entirely omitted by many of the faithful.

In connection with reverence due to the Most Blessed Sacrament, the behaviour of the faithful, inside the sacred edifice, is not at all times what it should be. Order and suitable forms are rigidly observed in most public places, in the presence of distinguished personages, in the conduct of serious and important matters. If such thoughtfulness and consideration be demanded, and insisted upon in the transaction of purely human affairs, may we not imagine what a delicate sense of propriety, what earnestness, dignity, and reverence should manifest itself in our appearance and conduct every moment we spend in the House of God, before the very throne of the King of Kings? In the observance of silence and decorum in church there is undoubtedly occasion for considerable improvement in the practice of many otherwise good, conscientious members of every congregation.

Impressions at the Regional Eucharistic Congress

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

FAITH

Faith is the foundation of all that is supernatural in our religion. It is, above all, the foundation of our devotion to the Holy Eucharist. It was faith, then, first of all, that drew us all to this Congress; it was faith that inspired those tributes to the Blessed Sacrament and those exhortations to a more practical devotion; it was faith that drew us worshipping before the altar at Mass and at Holy Hour.

THE REAL PRESENCE

At the Holy Hour bishops, monsignors, and priests knelt about the altar throne while the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Cleveland presented, in words of flaming devotion, praise, thanksgiving, reparation, and petition to our Lord and

God before us. The awed throng, the august setting, and those prayers, direct and personal, brought God present before us so really and truly that it seemed but a brief step from beholding Him beneath the Sacramental veils to gazing on Him newly risen as the Apostles gazed upon Him when He entered in their midst and said: "Pax vobis: Ego sum."

DEVOTION

Then, too, were we filled to the full with adoration, love, joy, and all those sweet and humble sentiments which the sensible presence of God must inspire in those who know Him. Prayer came easily then; prayer was spontaneous. But devotion reached its climax at the end of this Hour, when all present stood before their Lord, and with arms extended sang the Pater Noster, the prayer that Christ Himself taught His Apostles, the prayer for all times, for all men, and for all our needs and wants.

CHRIST'S KINGSHIP

Then, what a fitting close to the Congress was the procession. Following the Cross, the Sign of the Son of Man, came the children, Christ's favorites, His guard of honor, the Knights of Columbus, long rows of surpliced priests with

the purple of monsignors, and the cope and mitre of bishops; then the sweet incense of adoration and prayer, the musical bell announcing the coming of the King, then the august King Himself borne beneath the canopy by the Archbishop. Following were great throngs of the laity marching silent, prayerful, adoring. Wherever He stopped all knelt in worship. His progress was made with song and solemn chant. It was our proclamation to the world that Christ is King.

THE ZEAL OF PRIESTS

And now, as we think back upon this Congress, the consoling impression remains of the zeal priests have in making devotion to the Blessed Sacrament the center of their own lives and in spreading this devotion among the faithful in their charge. The papers read at the sessions, together with the ensuing discussions, were inspired with this zeal, while the solemn acts of worship renewed it and increased it.

The Holy Grail

The thirteenth panel of the Edwin A. Abbey frieze decorations in the Boston Public Library



SOLOMON'S SHIP—THE VOYAGE TO SARRAS

portrays the voyage of Galahad to Sarras.

Sarras is now the port to which Galahad is bound, and it lies far away. Sarras is the city where King Evelake did rule before he came into Great Britain. Malory tells us that it lay in "the spiritual place." Probably by that he meant the Holy Land, for there was much talk of Saracens and Paynims. Sarras, by its sound, may have been the capital of the Saracens. A great city upon an island, doubtless in the Mediterranean, as a legend has it. However that may have been, it was Sarras that for a while was to be the earthly seat of the Holy Grail. Thither embarked Galahad in King Solomon's ship, which most wonderfully had been built and preserved for this service. The voyage to Sarras, pictured in the thirteenth panel, is a strong conception of the subject. Solomon's ship very naturally symbolizes the wisdom needful to bear one to enlightenment. The frail bark glides in perfect safety across the stormy waves, under lowering clouds that spread darkly above a narrow streak of sunlit sky which brightens the wide horizon with promise of a prosperous ending for the voyage. The sail is ever spread to a favoring wind, for guiding the ship is the Guardian of the Grail. The angel sits joyously serene in the bow; while she guards the Holy Treasure with tender solicitude, its power leads the vessel in security. The Grail casts its pure light upon Galahad and his two faithful companions, Percival and Bors, who have been privileged to accompany him. Galahad is in adoration, and only he perceives the source of the glory that is upon them all. They may never behold the Grail itself, yet their fidelity joins them with their pure-souled comrade in arms.

This ship, built by Solomon, was of wonderful history. It had been predicted to the wise old king that the last of his blood should be a man which shall be a maid, and as good a knight as Joshua. Solomon had built a ship cunningly wrought in a marvellous manner. When the ship was made, Solomon waited to go on board; but because of miraculous letters written by an angel thereupon he durst not enter. As he drew aback, the ship was shoved into the sea and it sped away. How it was kept through all those many scores of years no man may say. But its destiny from the first was to bring Galahad to Sarras.

Afterglow

S. M. T., O. S. B.

After each harvest, in gorgeous hues,
The woods Dame Nature paints.
As the year declines Mother Church depicts
Her golden afterglow—"All Saints."

A Catholic Who Was Almost President

CHARLES A. GRIMES

ANOTHER presidential campaign has slipped into history. With it can be forgotten much of the religious bitterness displayed at one of the national conventions but the coming presidential inauguration is bound to bring up such questions as:

"Will a Catholic ever sit in the White House?"

"Why can't a Catholic be president?"

"Before the last election was a Catholic ever seriously considered for the presidency?"

Time alone can answer the first of these; "intolerance" is a safe reply to the second, and in accounts of old campaigns can an answer to the third be found.

Close as was the popular Al Smith of New York to the presidency last June he was not as near as one other Catholic,—General William Starke Rosecrans,—sixty years ago.

Our histories record Rosecrans' brilliant deeds on the battlefield, tell of his services as a statesman after the Civil War, but say nothing of the twist of fate that denied him the heart's desire of almost every great American—the presidency. Old newspaper files in the library at Newport, R. I., tell that story:

The Republican national convention of 1864 was held in New York City. Abraham Lincoln, completing his first term was up for renomination. Although the politicians bitterly opposed him, his popularity in the north and east forced them again to give him first place on their ticket. On the first and only ballot he received 484 votes. Missouri gave her 32 votes to General Grant but quickly switched and made Lincoln's nomination unanimous. Lincoln said of the action of the convention, "it was not best to swap horses while crossing the river."

Next came the vice-presidential nomination. In the convention were any number of delegates who wanted a military man for that place. Among them was the powerful and influential James A. Garfield, of Ohio, who was in a position to dictate the nomination. He had decided on his candidate. No other army leader was as popular at that time as General Rosecrans, whose successful campaigns in the Southwest had aroused the jealousy and ire of war department officials and caused his removal from command. Garfield and Rosecrans were warm friends. Garfield accordingly wired the general:

"Vice presidency going a-begging. Will you accept?"

Rosecrans was in a receptive mood and promptly answered in the affirmative but his reply never reached Garfield. Later developments showed that Secretary of War Stanton, for purposes known only to himself, intercepted it.

In vain did Garfield await a reply. Meanwhile Lincoln's ardent supporters were on the job. They said the president wanted a southerner as a running mate to properly balance the ticket and, in the rush of a one-day convention, finally had their way.

Andrew Johnson, military governor of Tennessee was nominated. Less than a year later, when an assassin's bullet silenced Lincoln forever, Johnson stepped into a position which rightfully should have gone to the Catholic Rosecrans. As the years since have shown Stanton's spite cost the country an able leader when it needed ability most, and put in the White House instead the greatest misfit in all American history.

Rosecrans had not always been a Catholic. Born in Ohio, Sept. 6, 1819, he and his brother Sylvester, who later became bishop of Columbus, Ohio, were reared Protestants. He was converted while at the U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N. Y.

A short while after his graduation from that institution he was transferred to Fort Adams, Newport, R. I. A few old-timers there still remember him.

"Lieutenant Rosencrans," one recalls, "used to teach Sunday school here. In his spare time he superintended the building of old St. Mary's church. Some busybodies circulated the rumor that he was taking government material to use in the building. Rosecrans demanded, and was given, an army hearing and was readily cleared of the charges. A better Catholic I never knew."

Into the Civil War Rosecrans went a colonel and out he came a major general. The reasons for his rapid advancement are summed up by General B. M. Cutcheon, of Michigan, who on the occasion of his retirement said of his former commander:

"When the tocsin of war sounded, General Rosecrans did not hesitate or falter, but he left everything behind him and, when this country in its heart of hearts was aching for want of victory, General Rosecrans in the very beginning in West Virginia gave us victory.

"Again in the far southwest, at Iuka, he gave us victory. In the closing days of December, 1862, at Stone River, he lighted the horizon of this whole country from edge to edge with the fires of victory. Then, following that, he gave us one of the most magnificent specimens of perfect strategy that the entire war afforded, in the Tullahoma campaign, when, almost with-

out the sacrifice of life, he flanked Bragg out of his fortified position at Tullahoma and carried his army across the mountains into the valley of Chickamauga."

After retirement from the army "Old Rosey" went to California and in 1880 and 1882 was elected to Congress as a Democrat from that state. From 1885 to 1893 he was Registrar of the United States Treasury. He died near Redondo, California, March 11, 1898.

Catholic Missionary Work in the Patriarchal Diocese of Jerusalem

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.

2. DSHIFNA, BIRZITE AND TAJIBEH. (cfr. Das Heilige Land 1860.)

DETAILS as to the founding of these three missions are supplied by the letters of the Patriarch Valerga to the German "Verein vom Heiligen Grabe," by which these missions were for years substantially supported. They were started by Father Uhlenbrock, a priest from Düsseldorf, who in 1855 offered to help the first Patriarch in the re-conversion of the Holy Land. After learning the language and the peculiarities of mission work by accompanying the priests in their Sunday excursions to the places of future missions, he was made resident priest of Dshifna, a little village on the road between Jerusalem and Nablus (Samaria). A house destined to contain chapel, presbytery, and school was then being built on a spot overlooking the village and the valley. But when the structure was nearly finished some schismatic Greek monks from Jerusalem stirred up the villagers. In consequence of this they first prevented the labourers from drawing water at the public well; then they tried to hinder the workmen from finishing their task, and finally some ruffians attacked the priest, one of them throwing him on the ground and pulling him by the beard. They also informed the authorities in Jerusalem, that the Franks (Latins) were constructing a fortress and that they had tried to prevent this dangerous attempt. The Pasha, in consequence of strong representations addressed to him by the Patriarch and the French Consul, at last stopped the opposition.

For some time the pious missionary was able to carry out his heart's desire to live as a hermit and at the same time to lead erring souls to the true Church. Apparently, his preaching of the Gospel more by deeds than by words made a great impression all over the neighbourhood; and amongst others some inhabitants of the entirely non-Catholic village of Birzite, less

than two miles distant, wanted to become Catholics, and pressed the hope of obtaining after some time a resident priest and a chapel. To begin with, Father Uhlenbrock was charged to visit the place from Dshifna twice a week for the instruction of the catechumens, and he also went there for Mass on Sunday morning. Things went well for three weeks, and he was almost afraid that the work would not succeed, because the enemy of all good had not yet raised any opposition. But the cross came soon. On Sunday morning some inhabitants of the village, stirred up by the Greek Monastery of Jerusalem, met him with shouts of threats and insults, with a hail of stones, and finally they beat him with sticks. He was forced to retrace his steps; but although he was wounded he was not discouraged. The next day he returned in company of another priest, but he was beaten back again. In the meantime the authorities stepped in and some ring-leaders were arrested, pending further enquiries. Father Uhlenbrock, knowing the slow procedure of Turkish justice, did not await the legal decision nor the help of the secular arm. On the feast of St. Joseph, the patron of the new mission, he again ascended the height of Birzite, only armed with his breviary. Such courage and perseverance took away the breath of his opponents; they saw the hopelessness of their attempts, and the missionary was able under the protection of the great and holy carpenter eventually to build an oratory with an adjoining school and presbytery. In the meantime he hired a room in which he said Mass on Sunday, and to which he came from Dshifna several times during the week for religious instruction.

About the mission of Taijibeh, which he was sent to commence as soon as the other two were in working order, Father Uhlenbrock himself writes to a friend: "My desire to serve God in loneliness and from that loneliness to work for the salvation of souls is being more and more fulfilled. Lately I have by order of the Patriarch prepared a new mission at Birzite. . . . Now some ten miles East of this place, on a ridge bordering on the desert and the Jordan valley there is the village of Taijibeh, some inhabitants of which have for several years petitioned the Patriarch for a Missionary. At last the Patriarch can see his way to accede to their wishes, and he is sending me there. There is no place in Palestine so favourable as this one for the purpose of coming into touch with the Bedouin, and to prepare oneself for living and working amongst them; for daily their camels and horses pass through the village, and they are on the most friendly terms with the inhabitants. Taijibeh is also a favourable jumping-off ground for the preaching of the Gospel be-

yond the Jordan. Therefore "ahead" under the banner of Our Lady, from victory to victory."

We see from these words that his great desire was to be sent to Transjordan into the thoroughly Bedouin districts. But such was not the will of God; for when the first of the eight missions there was commenced, our apostle was already resting in his grave. For even Taijibeh sheltered him only for some months. His shelter there was a two-roomed hut, his bed a mat on the bare ground, his food Bedouin fare: bread, cheese, and vegetables, rarely meat. He supported his work by prayer and hardships, and this fact explains his success. He was then still in his best years, and it seemed as if he were destined to die a martyr's death in the attempt to start more missions. One day he arranged to come to Beitgiala to make a retreat in the Seminary. On the way he visited the sanctuaries in Jerusalem and the holy grotto at Bethlehem. When he arrived at the Seminary he fell ill and had to take to his bed, which he never left again. He was privileged to die after a short illness in the midst of his priestly friends and fellow labourers, and he was the object of edification to the seminarists, his successors in the apostolic work. The Patriarch in a report early the following year writes about his loss as follows: "During the past year I had the sorrow of losing an excellent priest from Prussia, Don Philip Uhlenbrock, who had edified his clerical brethren and the Christians of his missions by his spirit of humility, mortification, zeal, and charity. The one thing that relieves my sorrow is the thought that this holy priest who has gone home to receive in heaven the reward of his virtues, is praying there for the numerous spiritual needs of Palestine."

May he whose body rests in the graveyard below the Seminary, obtain for our young aspirants to the priesthood his own spirit, and for the Catholics abroad that practical interest in the re-conversion of the Holy Land with which he inspired his friends in the Catholic Rhineland seventy years ago.

Before the Statue of the Victory of Samothrace

(Musée du Louvre)

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

Now fades the present to the legend past.
I see the swirl and rush of the unfathomable seas,
And a gold quinquireme that onward flees
Before the wild winds' roar, amid the thrilling blast
Of trumpets, while above, with pinions wide outspread,
Thou, Victory, leading Greek's heroic dead!

Notes of General Interest

FROM THE FIELD OF SCIENCE

—It is amusing to Catholics to read the discussion in the daily press as to the possibilities of religion by radio. Beautiful music, eloquent sermons, scriptural readings, from the horn of a receiving set—could that constitute Sunday service for a Catholic?

—Copper can now be treated so as not to become brittle when heated in the presence of a reducing gas.

—The Patent Office has issued over 1,500,000 patents. They are issued at the rate of 800 to 900 a week.

—The demon in radio is static, the grinding, sizzling, clicking, and what not in the receivers. The cause is lightning. The source for the United States is mostly in the region of Mexico,—we are familiar with other disturbances there. Despite all improvements in transmitting and receiving stations, static is practically as great, and its cause as elusive as it was twenty years ago. Complete commercial success in wireless will come only with the solution of this difficulty. The files of the Patent Office show many inventions or 'traps' for the elimination of static, but nearly all these devices have been periodically abandoned and re-invented. But even this demon 'static' must not be blamed for every noise in the receivers. Faulty connections, broken wires in the transformers, nearby power houses, high tension lines, and a variety of other causes may be the sources of trouble.

—The American cactus has migrated from this country and can be found in regions as remote as those reached by our kerosene and sewing machines. In Australia it grows better than home products,—in fact, like the camel in the parable, once admitted it begins to crowd out its host. Over forty million acres, more than twice the amount utilized for any single crop, is infested with cactus, and the end is not yet. The Australian government offers the land free or even with a bonus, provided the settler exterminate the cactus. Experts are now studying plant pests that might help in the fight.

—Can certain forms of paralysis be cured by malaria? A medical expert in Vienna deliberately inoculates his paralytic patients with malaria germs, and then treats the malaria with quinine. The success in curing the paralysis is so marked that similar experiments are now under way in other countries.

—Sapphires are very plentiful in Australia and Ceylon—owing to the discovery of rich fields. The price of the gems has fallen so low that it is scarcely profitable to mine them.

—The average automobile is now longer-lived. Formerly scrapped after five years of service, it now lasts nearly seven years.

—France wishes to install windmills as a source of electrical power. Elaborate experiments as to different types, accumulation and regulation of the electric currents are in process.

—Furs are the dreams of milady, but it is interesting

to note that names of furs often deceive. Hudson seal is no more seal than cold cream from the drug store is cream for the coffee. Hudson seal is seal-dyed muskrat. Durable furs are kept in good condition by giving them hard beatings with sticks. The expert advice as to furs is to know what you are buying and then to take care of it.

—Has the dream of the Middle Age alchemist come true? A reputable chemist in Berlin claims to have produced gold from a baser metal,—from mercury. Quicksilver vapor in vacuum tubes is exposed for a long time to the passage of a powerful electric arc. A small quantity of gold is said to have been produced. Similar claims have been made before and found wanting. Granted that the new claim be verified, the cost of the process excludes any danger to the financial world, since a dollar's worth of gold would cost 60,000 dollars. Theoretical chemistry is more interested than finance in the experiment. The theory is advanced that by knocking one electron from the mercury atom, the scientist secures the gold atom.

"APPLIED SCIENCE"

—Statistics:—Killed last year by gas:—32 inhaled it; 140 lighted matches in it; 5000 stepped on it.

—Treasures in heaven cannot be reached by an inheritance tax.

—Reduction quacks live on the fat of the land.

—All films should end happily,—the sooner the better.

—The most skilful autoist can easily run into debt.

—Wanted:—An inventor for improving intelligence as well as improving the facilities for its transmission.

—Special privilege becomes a right—when you get it.

—Some makers of instruments can sell their wares below cost in the expectation of great profits from the repairs.

—The appendix has given way to the accelerator for improving the mortality rate.

—Much political timber is only bark.

—Books upon books *how* to prolong life, but few on *why*.

—Neither a profession nor a vocation, but a calling—a telephone girl.

—Most tourists become detourists.

—Mud thrown is often ground lost.

—Nine tailors make a man, but one dressmaker breaks him.

—The best judges of jam at the county fair should be the small boys.

—Man can now do anything in the air, provided he have luck and nothing happen to the airplane.

—An apple a day may keep the doctor away, but ten in Johnnie may bring him.

REV. COLUMBAN THUIS, O. S. B.

MISCELLANEOUS

—A news item from Paris says that recently three brothers were ordained to the priesthood together in

the Cathedral of Carcassonne by the Archbishop of Albi. On the following day in the same basilica a sister of theirs received the habit of St. Benedict.

—By a canonical decree from Rome, the community of Sisters of Service, a recent foundation in Canada, has been raised to the dignity of a missionary order. Upon receipt of the decree, the first six members pronounced their vows before the Archbishop of Toronto. This new sisterhood has no distinctive religious garb. It will thus be able to gain admission where the religious garb is barred.

—The corner stone for the new Church of St. Anne de Beauré, to replace the one destroyed by fire in 1922, was laid by Cardinal Begin on September 14th.

—A priest in Brittany, France, has had remarkable success in stirring up vocations to the priesthood. He has prepared sixty young men for admission to the theological seminary. Of these more than fifty have been ordained and others have received minor orders. Vocations should be fostered. Many a boy would develop a vocation if a word of encouragement were offered him.

—The death of Nicholas Markey, of Baltimore, on September 9th, reveals the fact that he had six sisters in Ireland besides six others who belong to a community of Sisters of Charity.

—Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, is offering extension courses to priests. The Most Rev. Archbishop Moeller has petitioned the Holy See for faculties to grant degrees in theology from the seminary.

—During the Holy Year, 1925, there will be pilgrimages from many nations of the world to Rome. As early as the middle of September sixty-five had been announced. Among these we observe that 600 Chinese are expected in January.

—A "Memorial to the Nuns" who nursed the soldiers in the Civil War was unveiled at the National Capital on September 20th. The monument that forms this memorial is made of granite blocks with a bronze panel in bas relief showing the figures of Sisters in the habits of the various orders that sent these "angels of mercy" to the battlefield. This memorial is due to the untiring efforts of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The gift was accepted, on behalf of the Government, by Col. C. O. Sherrill, military aide to the President, who is in charge of the public buildings.

—The beautiful church of the Franciscans on Mt. St. Sepulchre at Brookland, D. C., was solemnly consecrated on September 17th, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the dedication of the monastery and the seventh centenary of the impression of the stigmata upon the humble Francis of Assisi. Most Rev. Albert T. Daeger, O. F. M., Archbishop of Sante Fe, performed the impressive ceremony, which lasted from 7 a. m. to 1:20 p. m. It was a happy day for the venerable Father Godfrey, O. F. M., who had founded the monastery and built the handsome church which is rich in painting and sculpture. Beneath the church is a system of catacombs and sacred shrines that remind one of subterranean Rome and of the Holy Land.

—The United States is said to consume more than a million dollars a week for chewing gum. This is food for thought. It is estimated, moreover, that 105 pounds of sugar per capita, or more than five million tons, is used per year. A great part of this, of course, is made into candy, the consumption of which is growing enormously. This is additional food for thought. There is enough money wasted on these two items to make the rest of the world happy.

—On the occasion of the seven hundredth anniversary of the arrival of the Franciscans in England, a hundred Franciscans, dressed in the habits of their order, singing the litany of All Saints, marched through the streets of the ancient see of Canterbury to the ruins of the friary in which the friars lived seven hundred years ago. There a *Te Deum* was sung. In the little church of St. Thomas of Canterbury, Bishop Doubleday, of Brentwood, celebrated a Pontifical High Mass. Cardinal Bourne, representing the Holy Father, and the Ministers Provincial of the three branches of the friars, were present in the sanctuary. The Anglican mayor gave an official welcome to the visitors. It is notable that the Anglicans held a "choral Eucharistic service" while Mass was being celebrated in St. Thomas Church. In the evening they likewise visited the ruins of the friary.

—In September Cardinal Mundelein consecrated two cemeteries of 360 acres each near Chicago: Holy Sepulchre, the one, All Saints, the other.

—The Sisters of St. Dominic of the Congregation of St. Rose of Lima, known as Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer, founded by Mother Alphonsa Lathrop, youngest daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their foundation in September. The sisterhood conducts the Rosary Hill Home at Hawthorne near White Plains, N. Y., a non-sectarian institution for poverty-stricken persons suffering from incurable cancer.

—The body of Blessed Mariana de Jesus, tertiary of the Order of Mercy, who died on April 17, 1624, three hundred years ago, at Madrid, Spain, is still incorrupt.

—Holy Orders were conferred on 123 by Archbishop Curley in the crypt of the National Shrine at Washington on October 2nd. Forty candidates received the diaconate, six the subdiaconate, while the remainder received minor orders.

—The redemptionists of the St. Louis Province dedicated their new seminary on Lake La Belle, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, on September 8th. The building is in keeping with monastic tradition. Here the professed clerics of the Congregation will pursue their philosophical and theological studies.

EUCCHARISTIC

—At the International Eucharistic Congress that was held at Amsterdam in July a paper was read by Professor Alphonsa Steger, of the Technical University of Delft, advocating the formation of a league for the promotion of daily Communion. A resolution to establish a world league for the furtherance of daily assistance at Mass with the reception of Holy Communion,

drawn up by Rt. Rev. Arthur Doubleday, Bishop of Brentwood, England, was adopted.

—At old St. Peter's Church in the downtown districts of New York City the weekly midday Holy Hour exercises, with the Blessed Sacrament exposed, were resumed on September 25th. Although the Holy Hour was not kept during the summer months, over 2000 entered the church daily to pay a visit to the Lord of Hosts.

—At the age of 76, Sister Germaine Grosdenis, and Ursuline of San Antonio, died several weeks ago at the end of the annual retreat just after the Mass in which she had received Holy Communion. Sister Germaine was about to leave the chapel when the summons came. Extreme unction was administered then and there. Surrounded by her companions in religion, the good sister expired before the altar.

—During October midday Mass was celebrated daily at the Cathedral of the Assumption, at Louisville, Kentucky, for religious vocations. During Mass, which was always well attended, the rosary was recited for the same intention. The collections taken up at these Masses are to be used for educating young men who are studying for the priesthood.

—When Archbishop Hanna returned from San Francisco, on October 6th, from his *ad limina* visit to Rome, 80,000 Holy Name men marched through the streets of the archiepiscopal city in the face of a driving rain. The colossal demonstration terminated with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the imparting of the Papal blessing.

BENEDICTINE

—At the ninth annual reunion of its alumni, which was held at St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas, early in September, the Rt. Rev. Abbot Martin Veth, O. S. B., announced that a new monastery, chapel, and library would be built in the near future. The construction of the monastery will be first in order.

—Rev. Mother Aloysia Northman, O. S. B., prioress of Mt. St. Scholastica Convent, Atchison, since 1896, died on October 1st. Mother Aloysia, who had almost reached the age of three score years and ten, made her profession at Atchison on February 10, 1870. Her three brothers, now also among the departed, were Benedictine priests in Minnesota. Since 1917 Mother Aloysia had been president of the Congregation of St. Scholastica, a federation of Benedictine convents in the United States. Rt. Rev. John Ward, Bishop of Leavenworth, celebrated the Pontifical Requiem. Many priests and dignitaries were present in the sanctuary. A number of Benedictine sisters from various convents of the federation, besides sisters of other communities, also attended the funeral.

Benedictine Chronicle and Review

DOM LOUIS A. BOUVILLIERS, O. S. B.

Note:—Books reviewed are written in the language of the country under which they appear unless otherwise designated.

FRANCE:—Dom J. Jeannin, O. S. B., D. D., organist of Hautcombe Abbey (founded by Saint Bernard) has just completed his monumental work: "Liturgical Melodies" (Syrian and Chaldean). It comprises three volumes. The learned musician and theologian brings forth new and startling solutions of two famous problems: the origin of the modern major and minor, and the Gregorian rhythm. The solution of the latter question is different from that of the School of Solesmes. The author takes opposition of the question of considering the signs of elongation of the manuscripts as simple variations of value. The conclusion is drawn: that the Gregorian rhythm is essentially based on an alternation of long and short notes. Dom Jeannin's work is absorbingly interesting to liturgical students. It is highly significant to state that the subscriptions for the publishing of "Liturgical Melodies" are headed by the following: The Sovereign Pontiff—15,000 liras; Government of France—3500 francs; Oriental Institute—3500 francs; Mr. John Stoddard (America)—\$900. Every large library should be the proud possessor of this valuable and learned effort which is edited by E. Laroux, 28, Rue Bonaparte, Paris, and is priced at 60 francs the volume.

If one should desire to obtain authoritative information on Benedictine history of the Nineteenth century, he could do no better than procure the volume: "Dom Leduc, Monk of Solesmes," by Dom Gabriel Meunier, O. S. B., (Farnborough Abbey, England, 531 pp.) It is a captivating history of a monk by Dom Guéranger himself. One follows therein the vicissitudes of the French Congregation and also of Monte Cassino Abbey, to which place Dom Leduc had been loaned nine years as master of novices. There is, among the many interesting features, a presentation of the grafting of a new branch of Benedictine Oblates on the old trunk of the Order. Before we overstep the reviewer's "line of demarcation" we shall conclude, remarking that the book is penetrated with that Benedictine love of Holy Mother Church and her Liturgy which characterized Dom Guéranger and his disciples.

The Benedictine Nuns of La Rue Monsieur, Paris, are renowned throughout Europe for their manufacture of episcopal and sacerdotal ornaments for the use of God's ministers. Their secrets and patterns, some of them employed by them since 1654, are at last given forth to the world in their volume: "A Practical Guide for the Making of Sacerdotal Gothic Ornaments." (128 pp. 4 large illustrated maps, and profusely illustrated throughout.) Although written in French, the maps, designs, patterns, etc., fill a long-felt want of those who devote themselves to the manufacture of liturgical vestry. They are full of high and true symbolical designs and are far in advance of the schools of Dr. Bock, Schmidt, Sauër, Fleury and Father Bräun.

H. M. Delsart, Benedictine Oblate and savant, has given us an excellent biography of "Margarite d'Arbouze, Abbess of Val-de-Brâce, (1580-1626)" in 349 pp. He discovered that there was much to be told of this

great Benedictine abbess, whose royal and extensive monastery is still existing in Paris, though occupied by army medical students since 1804. Previous volumes by her confessor, Abbot Ferraige, Claude Fleury and Father Brémond still left something to be said of the abbess regarding the place she filled in the reform of her Order. The great influence of her mystical and ascetical writings, such as the "Treatise on Mental Prayer of the Benedictine Nun" and "The Constitutions of Val-de-Grâce," is incalculable. Though written in French every Benedictine nun should strive to read this life in its entirety as a beautiful interpretation of the Benedictine Rule.

The new coadjutor-abbot of Farnborough Abbey, Rt. Rev. Bernard Boisrouvray, O. S. B., is a gifted lecturer, preacher and writer. His latest work is in two volumes on Bishop Gay, the close friend of the French Benedictines during their restoration in the Nineteenth Century. The volumes were warmly praised by the Académie Française.

The name of René Bazin on a book is sufficient guarantee that that book is worth possessing. And when the translation is carefully done, as in the present case, the book finds another large group of friends. "Charles de Foucauld, Trappist (1858-1916)" is by René Bazin and is translated by Peter Keelan (pp. 356, Burns and Oates—12 s. 6d.). This book among modern biographies is as wonderful as it is unique. That Dom Charles de Foucauld, hermit and explorer, was truly a son of the Nineteenth and Twentieth centuries gives an especial value to the books and adds much to the marvel of his holiness. To science and to the Parisian world of society and letters this true monk was known in his younger years as a brilliant explorer of Morocco.

POLAND:—The old abbey of Lubin, founded in 1114 and suppressed in 1834 by the German Government, has just been returned to the Order. Last January the Beuronese monks retook possession of the large abbey church and its greatly reduced monastic buildings. The Fathers have charge of the parish, consisting of 8,000 souls scattered throughout 18 villages. It is to be hoped that God may grant Poland to re-establish on a large scale the old Benedictine life of prayer, peace and prosperity.

AUSTRIA:—Prince George, Son of the former King of Saxony, aged 31, recently entered the old abbey of Trebnitz, where St. Hedwig, the patron saint of Silesia, is buried. There is a strong religious bent in the Saxon royal family. Prince Max of Saxony became a priest and presently occupies the Chair of Canon Law in the Freiburg University. Trebnitz is south of Breslau and its abbey was founded in 1203 by Duke Henry I, and was first occupied by Cistercian nuns. Since 1810 it was suppressed and secularized. So the Crown Prince George, reported to have become a monk, is not the real truth.

GERMANY:—"Kardinal Bernhard Gustav, Markgraf von Baden-Durlach" (Fulda, 1923) by Dom Augustin RübSam, is a compactly written work consisting of notes

garnered from unpublished sources. Its 350 pages deal with the glories of Fulda and should be of great interest to the student and lover of Benedictine history.

A work which is worth its weight in gold is the "Einführung in die Liturgie der Karwoche," by Dom Daniel Feuling of Beuron Archabbey. Although consisting of only three short chapters, the 84 pages cover in a very complete manner the ceremonies and symbols of Holy Week. The publisher is Dr. Filsen of Augsburg.

A timely work indeed is "Theosophie und Christentum" by Dom Alois Mager (Dümmler Verlag, Berlin). The Beuronese monk presents a strong and convincing manner his thesis of 107 pages.

Dom Kunibertus Mohlberg, O. S. B., has just edited "Das Frankische Sacramentarium Gelasianum in Alemanischer Ueberlieferung." (Munster, Aschendorff, 292 pp. mit 2 Tafeln). This curious Sacramentary, published in the 18th century by Abbot Gerbert in his "Monumenta Veteris Liturgiae Alemanicae," was done in a faulty manner. At Zürich it was discovered and corrected by Dom Cagin, O. S. B., the late librarian of Solesmes Abbey and now it gives for each Mass three texts: Gelasian, Gregorian and Ambrosian. Dom K. Mohlberg gives as an introduction, a complete study of this beautiful sacramentary of St. Gall, (Codex No. 348), and all that had hitherto been written on the subject is there collated from the observations exchanged by A. Ebner and E. Bishop concerning the groups of Roman Sacramentaries down to the paleographical details noted by the specialists.

"Der Heilige Kolumban—Sein Leben und Seine Schriften," by J. J. Laux, (Herder in 12mo, 290 pp. 7 fig.), considers certain phases of the saint's life in his many foundations in Ireland, France, Germany and his last great work at Bobbio. Devotion to Saint Columban is becoming very popular at present and the work will aid much in its German propagation.

The activity of the Maria Laach Abbey authors does not seem to abate despite the difficulties of publication in Germany in these days. Dom Odo Casel, O. S. B., renowned liturgist, has given us his "Jahrbuch für Liturgiewissenschaft" (Munster, 8vo, 188 pp.). The present edition contains 75 pages of bibliographical analyses in the different liturgical branches and an able exposition of the Ambrosian Mass by Dom Wilmart, O. S. B.

Dom Wilmart also terms "quasi perfect" a work done by another monk of Maria Laach, Dom Paul Volk, O. S. B. "Der Liber Ordinarius des Lütticher St. Jakobs-Kloster" (Beiträge zur Geschichte des alten Mönchtums und des Benediktinerordens. Heft 10) in 8vo, LXXX-156 pp., Münster. Liturgy occupies the front rank in this work and Dr. Volk disentangles in a masterly manner the several sections which belong to the Cluniac, Cistercian, Premonstratensian sources and even the Dominican. There is a copious introduction where no detail is omitted of the two manuscripts considered—one, dating from about 1285, preserved at the

National Library of Paris, the other, at Louvain University, having been sent there from the Abbey of St. Adalhard, Paderborn, under the title of "reparations."

Who is the earliest authority for the life of St. Benedict? On page 59 of the latest work of Abbot Ildephonse Herwegen, O. S. B., of Maria Laach Abbey, we are told that "the poet Mark" is the earliest source and that he wrote between 542 and 581. How could this be, since his verses are later than Saint Gregory on whom they depend! This aside, however, we have a very interesting English translation of the work, "St. Benedict, a Character Study," by the late Dom Peter Nugent, O. S. B., (1859-1920). It is published by Sands, 1924, 188 pp. The principal interest in Saint Benedict's Rule for Abbot Herwegen seems to be that Saint Benedict "impressed the Roman spirit on Oriental monachism and so made it accessible to the German people."

Michael Hartig has given us "St. Ulrich and Afra"—Benedictiner Reichsstift (Verlag Dr. Benno, Augsburg, 128 pp., 1923). The book is a welcome souvenir of the old Benedictine Abbey of Sts. Ulrich and Afra. There are 64 pages of text covering the events of that Bavarian minster from 1012 to 1802, at which date over 35 Benedictine abbeys in Bavaria were secularized. The text is accompanied by 54 beautiful illustrations, which enhance the readings of this delightful little volume.

Under "England" in this issue we touched on Dom Savinien Louismet's "Mystical Initiation" and here we wish to call the reader's attention to "Wahre und Falsche Mystik," by Dr. P. Chrysostomus Schmid, O. S. B., aus dem Englischen übersetzt, of the same. It is an answer to the wish of the *American Quarterly Review* (Jan.-April, 1916) that Dom Louismet's work on true and false mysticism be translated into German. Dr. Schmid is a monk of the St. Ottilien Congregation. This valuable work can be secured from the Missions-Verlag, St. Ottilien, München.

A prince of the Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen family has recently taken the habit of St. Benedict in the Archabbey of Beuron (founded 777). This abbey was restored to the monks by the entrant's mother, the Princess Catherine von Hohenzollern.

"Die Unruhe zu Gott," by Dom Willibrord Verkade, O. S. B. (288 pp. with a preface and portrait of the writer by Maurice Denis) is a recitation of the author's conversion. It is simple, engaging, and full of good humor. Dom Verkade is not only an artist but also an interesting writer. In 1919 he gave us the above in Dutch (4000 copies); in 1920 it was translated into German (16,000 copies); into French in 1923 and finally into English, this year. Dom Verkade, while in the world, belonged to the Symbolistic school of painters. Entering Beuron Archabbey in 1897, he was ordained priest in 1902. He was one of the group of Beuronese monks who, from 1903-1913, decorated the crypt of Monte Cassino. Since the war he has been acting as guest master at Beuron. Another volume is expected since the first ends with his entrance into the Novitiate in 1897. It would be interesting to trace the influence

of the Beuronkunst and the Holy Rule on the artist-monk.

ENGLAND:—The well known series, 'Mystical Life,' has been augmented by the author in his most recent volume: "Mystical Initiation" (Burns and Oates, 56). This series, we are glad to say, is widely read by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. Dom John Stephan, of Buckfast Abbey, strikes the right note when he writes: "The author is not a Father Faber or a Bishop Gay. He is quite himself, very much himself." In his volumes, Dom Savinien Louismet, O. S. B., presents in all its eastern imagery the 'Canticle of Canticles' in his own inimitable manner.

We think it was Rousseau who wrote: "The writings of women are always cold and pretty like themselves. There is as much wit as you may desire but never any Soul." Can this accusation be made also against their translations? Dorothy Canfield Fisher is still feeling the smarts of the critics regarding her work on Papi's: "Storia di Christi" and shall we now turn about and belabor Agnes Hastings for her translation of Joris Karl Huysman's 'St. Lydwine of Schiedam.' (1380-1433)? No, for the latter's slight failings are due to differences of nationality and the elusiveness of the "spiritus loci," while the former's are deeper differences which effect the religious faiths of author and translator. To our subject. The original of the work by Huysman's is preferable but the present English form may give some idea to English readers of the impressive religious sincerity of the author. Published by Keegan Paul, French and Co. 6s. 6d., pp. 252. The life of St. Lydwine of Schiedam, most original in itself, was rendered in Huysman's characteristic manner by the aid of three former biographers. The reader has the saint under his eyes; he sees her suffer. Huysman excels in describing her physical sufferings and anguish of heart. The great Benedictine oblate was a Benedictine monk among the laity. As an oblate, an artist, and littérateur, "it was to his honor," wrote the late Dom Besse, "that he loved St. Benedict as a son loves his father."

On the occasion of the sacerdotal silver jubilee of their abbot, Lord Anscar Vonier, O. S. B., Dom John Stephan, O. S. B., editor of "The Chimes," published a brochure of 112 pages on the old abbey of St. Mary's, Buckfast, Devon. This historic old abbey, founded before 870, was entirely rebuilt by the monks themselves: The brochure, published by the Abbey Press, contains one colored plate and over fifty half-tone illustrations.

Evelyn Underhill has placed all lovers of ascetical writings under a debt to her by her translation of "The Scale of Perfection" (Watkins, 1924, 1s.6d.) into English. Dom Maurus Noetinger of Solesmes had expressed a hope that some competent scholar might undertake an English translation of this "heavenly book, more precious than gold," which he edited in French (1923). Miss Underhill read the wish and amply fulfilled it. This "Scala Perfectionis" is a book dating from the 14th century. The author, W. Hilton, died on the 24th of March, 1396. He was Prior of St. Peter's monastery

at Thurgarten. It is easy to find many parallels in the comparison of Hilton's spiritual terminology with that of St. Benedict, such as: "seeking God," "the humility of charity," "to accord the soul with the voice," etc. In fact, the last part of "the Scale" would serve as a good commentary to the end of the 7th chapter of the Holy Rule. But Hilton was not a Benedictine monk, although many writers, especially Dom Constantino Galetani, Abbot of San Baronto (1560-1650) wrote so. Hilton's sayings are beautiful and peace reigns in the paths which he indicates to us. In 1533 his book had already reached its 8th edition. In 1659, the renowned Benedictine mystic, Augustine Baker, is supposed to have prepared the edition which served for the subsequent editions of Fathers Guy (1869) and Dalgons (1870). Miss Underwood is not unacquainted with Hilton's other writings for we have, in the Benedictine corner of our bookshelf, another of her editions of Hilton's entitled: "A Book of Contemplation or the Cloud of Unknowing," in which a soul is made one with God. This was published in London by Watkins in 1912.

Dom Benedict McLaughlin, O. S. B., monk of Ampleforth Abbey, York, ably presented the Catholic viewpoint in the argument against prohibition in the "Catholic Times," issue of July 12th, 1924.

The second volume of "St. Bernard's Sermons" (Browne and Nolan, 10s.) is now given us by a Cistercian monk of Mount Melleray Abbey. Both volumes are provided with rich material. The translator, with skill and piety, has included some sermons from St. Malachy, close friend of St. Bernard, and extracts from the life of St. Bernard himself. Ample notes have been added for the convenience of the reader.

Lives of saints are coming thick and fast nowadays and rightly so. These lives "humanize" the saints and yet take away nothing from their dazzling holiness. Two lives of St. Gregory the Great have recently been issued—and both are well worth procuring. "St. Gregory the Great, His Works and His Spirit," by Rt. Rev. Abbot Snow, O. S. B. (Burns and Oates 7/6) is a revised second edition, prefaced by Dom Roger Hudleston of Downside Abbey. The book is "neither critical nor antiquarian, neither ascetical nor controversial"—it is just a "real life." One seems to hear the sound and charm of Gregory's voice in the narratives. The work is so practical that it recommends itself to everyone. "Saint Gregory the Great," by a Sister of Notre Dame (Talbot Press, 85 Talbot St., Dublin) is a good "oeuvre de vulgarisation" and will find a place in Catholic libraries. The Abbot of Buckfast Abbey, Dom Vonier, has written an interesting preface, introducing us to the great Benedictine pope, who, though always weak in health, lived a life of many-sided activities.

Cardinal Gasquet, O. S. B., has still "in him" a good book or two. In "the religious Life of Henry VI" (G. Bell and Sons, London) the eminent Benedictine scholar is at his best. He still finds moments for writing, even though he is quite busy with his work at the Vatican Library (of which, in his humorous way, he laughs at his salary—\$2.00 or 100 lire a month). In

this volume the private life of King Henry VI is made known and this amazingly misrepresented character is shown to have been a father to his subjects, a ruler who, by word and example, had a noble conception of life and its duties.

BELGIUM:—"The Recruiting in the Benedictine Monasteries during the 13th and 14th Centuries," by Dom Ursmer Berlière, O. S. B. (1924, 66 pp.) is a very recent and interesting French paper given us by the famous monastic historian. It is fully as interesting as his communications on "Claustal Schools in the Middle Ages," (1921) and "Honorius III and the Benedictine Monasteries," (1923). Dom Berlière is the custodian of the large library of Maredsous Abbey (145,000 volumes) and he is as humble as he is learned. In the first-mentioned work he points out that our Order passed through a critical era in the 12th century and that the recruiting in those days was ordinarily done by receiving children whose parents had given them over to the monastic life. The nobility abused such a practice and reserved for their exclusive use a great number of monasteries in which they "monachised" their legitimate and illegitimate sons. We thank the Lord that in our day the recruiting in our Order (and in every order and congregation, in fact) is performed by receiving vocations, that are already ripened and, if young Oblates are accepted, their previous education is so thoroughly religious as to be a safe guarantee for their future. We hope that good health and full days will permit the learned Benedictine historian to publish the vast amount of rare notes which we have had the pleasure to peruse in his cell.

Edward Michel has done us a decided favor in bringing forth his "Abbeys and Monasteries of Belgium, their Importance and their Role in the Development of the Country." (Brussels, Van Oest, 8°, 268 pp. 20 Fres.). The work opens with a long introduction on the monks of Belgium and a general bibliography of the subject. Then follows treatment of the following: I.—the situation; II—excursion (how to reach the abbeys); III—present state; IV—its history; V—its bibliography. The book is tastefully illustrated with 48 photographs. This, to our knowledge, is the only work of its kind. We think it would be beneficial in many ways were other countries to adopt the plan and issue booklets on their abbeys.

Dom B. Marmol, of Maredsous Abbey, has translated into French Eadmer's treatise on the Immaculate Conception. This volume fittingly forms the 14th number of the "Pax" collection. It is thus proven that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is not a new-fangled theory, for Eadmer was a disciple of St. Anselm in the 12th century. Dom Ernest Graff is giving us the English translation of the Dom Marmol version in serial form in the quarterly review of *Chimes*, published at Buckfast Abbey, England. It is hoped that these excellent chapters will be reprinted in book form.

The constant desire of receiving Jesus is the perfect exercise of love.—Bossuet.



AGNES BROWN HERING

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—I see you skip along to school quite briskly these mornings. This bracing November air is good for the circulation isn't it? At any rate it helps the Human Race in the North Temperate Zone to circulate at a more rapid rate than they did in August.

Whilst we are contemplating the joys of Thanksgiving the delights of Christmas, and the prospects for a Happy New Year, let us not forget the Poor Souls in Purgatory, who are quite at the mercy of their earthly friends for release from their temporary imprisonment.

May the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

You have all heard of the wonderful convention that the Holy Name Society held in Washington towards the end of September. Many of your fathers and brothers were there. Nearly 100,000 men marched through the streets of the Capital in the rain. It was a grand demonstration. Afterwards they gathered before the great obelisk, which rises to a height of 555 feet, the monument that was erected to the memory of George Washington. There they were addressed by our President. From the same place Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given.

In Arlington Cemetery, just across the Potomac from Washington, where lie many hundreds of the Nation's dead heroes, there is a marble tomb erected to the unknown soldier. On this tomb, in the presence of the Holy Name Society, Cardinal O'Connell placed a wreath. A pilgrimage was also made to Mt. Vernon, which was Washington's home. There the Father of his Country lived, and there is his tomb. Cardinal O'Connell placed a wreath on this tomb also.

We hope that all our Boys, as soon as they are old enough, will join the Holy Name Society. May they never take the holy name of God in vain nor use bad language. Read the following beautiful verses on "Profanity" that were written by the poet, William Cowper:

It chills my blood to hear the Blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme.
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
To swear is neither brave, polite or wise.
You would not swear upon the bed of death.
Reflect! Your Maker now can stop your breath.

Yells

Why not have a yell for "the Corner"? All schools and societies and organizations of every kind have yells. Come on Cornerites with some yells. Everybody write a yell for our Corner. Who will send the best one?

The Holy Souls

BY BENMORE

The Holy Souls are calling,
From their prison house of flame;
They seek your help in suffering,
Through the Sacred Holy Name.

They bore the cross with patience
And many a silent pain;
Forget not those now suffering,
All ye who still remain.

The Holy Souls are calling,
Each drear November day;
They look for prayers from loving ones,
The debt still due to pay;
The Holy Souls now pining,
God's chosen friends while here,
With tongues aflame they're pleading
In trembling hope and fear.

The Holy Souls are calling
Where fires are burning bright,
For help from every bedside,
In the darkness of the night;
How sweet that echo skywards
Towards God's Eternal Throne,
To the Holy Souls in bondage
When you help them to atone.

The Holy Souls are calling,
Be not unmindful now,
Lose not one precious moment
When suffering clouds each brow.
Stand not at village corners
And the little church close by;
Kneel there and ask God's mercy
For the Holy Souls who cry.

The Holy Souls are calling
For all your prayerful aid—
That scorching hours be shortened,
That peace with God be made;
A decade of the Rosary beads
For Jesus! through the Cross,
That they may see His Holy Face,
No longer pain of loss.

The Holy Souls are calling
To do the Stations round,
In memory of the suffering ones,
That mercy may be found;
A halt beside the pillar,
The Cross and Crown of Thorn,
A prayer to God through Mary,
That bliss their souls adorn.

The Holy Souls are calling
When fiercely blows the gale,
And spirit voices sounding,
Ah, help us! Do not fail!
Think now on every moment lost,
God's time oft flung away
On pleasure phantoms passing,
O'er many a sad lost day.

The Holy Souls are calling
To you to think of them;
To keep the vigil nightly,
To pray and plead again;
'Tis yours this holy work to do,
Some hours in prayer to spend,

That prison chains be broken,
Their sufferings at an end.

The Holy Souls are calling,
On the roadway as you pass,
To remember them where they too knelt
And heard God's Holy Mass.
When saintly hands the chalice raise
Above the altar stone,
Pray for the souls now suffering
In patience sad and lone.

The Holy Souls are calling
To you now blest with strength,
To hearken to their mournful cries,
And stride one golden length;
Kneel down before the altar,
There the Sacred Heart implore
That the Holy Souls soar heavenwards
In peace for evermore.

The Holy Souls are calling,
Go kneel in reverence down,
And ask through Mother Mary
For suffering souls a crown;
Pray to Blest Saint Margaret Mary
That their trials now may cease,
To the Little Flower of Jesus,
For Joy and Heavenly Peace.

The Wanderings of a Cloud

CARMEL WITHERS

It was a beautiful sunny day, and there were only a few clouds drifting across the horizon. One of these was a baby, only a few hours old, who for the first time in his very short life was gazing in speechless wonder at the miles and miles of marsh land that lay far below him in an almost indistinguishable mass. He would have continued staring at it had not his mother sharply reproved him for his delay, reminding him that if they did not hurry they would be caught by the North Wind and be swept up to no one knows where—Iceland, perhaps—which would not be at all a suitable place for such a young cloud.

So our small friend reluctantly started off on his long journey, over green fields and downs, and sometimes over large forests, till at last they came to the sea, and then, as the last rays of the dying sun gently touched the smooth blue waters turning them to red and gold, the little cloud curled himself up to sleep by the sight of his mother, his last thoughts being of all the glorious things he had seen that day and of all that he would do on the morrow.

Day by day they journeyed on, and as the cloud grew older and stronger he gradually became more and more discontented with his lot. It was not that he was unkindly treated—far from it—his mother was a very easy-going person, who let him do practically anything he wanted to—but somehow or other, there was something (he knew not what) lacking in the wandering life they led, that made the little cloud very unhappy, and made him wish ardently to get that unknown “something” and become once more bright and contented like his mother and all his little playmates.

Now what our cloud really wished for was peace and above all rest, but as all his relations were born to be rovers, he had never even heard of such a thing, and so he could not tell anyone what he wanted, and therefore naturally could not get it, and in consequence grew daily more bad tempered and moody.

At last, one day, he woke up to find himself above Dartmoor; he had often heard of it before, so he decided to float down a little way that he might inspect

it more closely. As he came nearer the great expanse of moor he was struck with the wonderful beauty and solitude of the place.

It was springtime, and the gorse was in its first untarnished bloom, making bright patches of colour on the otherwise dark bare landscape.

And as the cloud looked at it, a glorious peace gradually overspread his soul, while all the pent-up bitterness of the past few weeks disappeared, leaving him in full possession of his heart's desire. This, *this* was what he had longed for, rest, quiet, stillness, spacious peace. After some time he flew up again, and joined his comrades, saying nothing of the morning's escapade, but he treasured in his mind for many a week to come, the lonely stretch of bare moorland with its glittering golden blossoms.

It was summer. But Dartmoor was more lovely than ever, with its thick carpet of purple and white heather, and its large clumps of bracken intermixed with gorse and broom—at least so thought the cloud who was looking down on it, after his long absence, as though it were quite an old friend. The same peace that had fallen on him before was now renewed in some inexplicable manner, for the beauty and solitude appealed to him as did nothing else he had ever seen.

But in spite of the increase in its wealth of colour, it seemed to the little wanderer that there was something wrong with his beloved Dartmoor. There were bare patches here and there and no little streams trickled amid the heather. All was very quiet and still, and the cloud could not imagine what had wrought the change, for a certain sense of dullness and oppression reigned around. What was the matter? He decided to venture down a little lower, and see if he could find out. Accordingly he did so, and then he heard the little flowers saying to one another wistfully: “Oh! why is there no rain? We are so parched and thirsty.” On looking more closely, the cloud saw that this was indeed the case. The burning merciless rays of the noonday sun had dried up all the brooks and were gradually withering the plants.

“Poor little things,” he thought, “I wish I could help them.” And at once, as if in answer to his unspoken wish, a small green fern said quite audibly: “Do you see that little black cloud up there? Don't you wish it would give us some rain?”

There was a chorus of assent, and light dawned on the cloud's mind. Up, up he soared, as quickly as he could, then hastily collecting all his friends and relatives, and telling them the story, he begged them to come to the assistance of his poor parched friends. At first they demurred, but at length owing to his entreaties they gave way (for one of the ideas of honour in cloudland is to give help to their mortal comrades when necessary) and all made their way thither, softly dissolving into rain, and falling gently like teardrops on the beautiful thirsting moorland.

But just before the little cloud went to sleep for ever amid the solitude and peace of Dartmoor, he heard the heather blossoms lift up their drooping heads, and whisper gratefully, “Thank you, thank you, dear little clouds,” and he felt content.

Carmel Withers, who wrote this delightful story for *THE GRAIL*, is fifteen years old. She lives in “merrie” England.” The Cornerites would be glad to hear from their English and Irish cousins. Won't some of them shake hands with us from across the Atlantic?

“What little boy can tell the difference between the ‘quick and the dead?’” asked the Sunday School teacher. Willie waved his hand frantically, “Well Willie.”

“The ‘quick’ are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles, and the ones that don't are the ‘dead.’”

Tobias, a Story in 5 Parts for Children

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O. S. B.

2. TOBIAS'S JOURNEY

Bright and early on the morrow,
With his trusty angel guide,
Young Tobias left for Rages,
Fido gamb'ling at his side.

All the day they hastened onward,
Minding not the dust and heat,
Till at dusk they reached the Tigris,
Where they bathed their weary feet.

Lo! a monstrous fish approaching
Thought the youth a morsel sweet;
But he seized his gill, and quickly
Cast him panting at his feet.

"Take the heart, the gall and liver
From the fish, for these we need.
Raguel will lodge us safely;
To his house, then, let us speed.

"You shall ask him that his daughter,
Sara, be your lawful wife."

"But the devil killed her husbands
And I tremble for my life."

"Powerless will be the demons
If you will do as I say:
Ere you take your wife in marriage
Kneel ye both three nights to pray."

The Picnic

(Helen Moynihan)

In the Rogers' house on F—— Street children from two to ten years of age were running about excitedly. The cause of all this excitement was a picnic they were going to have the next day. In the kitchen Mrs. Rogers and the cook were making preparations. There was going to be everything in the lunch that children like: chicken, ham, lettuce, and cheese sandwiches, many kinds of cakes and cookies, fruit and other delicacies. They were going to get ice cream on the way to the woods where they were to have the picnic.

Little Bobby, aged two, toddling around after the others, understood there was something unusual going on. Gertrude was the oldest of the children, age ten, and she went around telling the younger ones what to do. The twins, Dotty and Pearl, were five years old and the mischievous ones of the family, and Mary who was eight years old. They were all waiting impatiently for the morrow. Their mother, who was worried by the noise sent them out to play with the other children in the yard.

In the evening their father kept them busy playing games which interested them so much that they never noticed half past eight coming along. Gertrude and Mary, going up to bed together, talked about what a fine day they would have. Before retiring they included in the prayers a petition for nice weather.

Next morning they were up bright and early and ran eagerly to the window to see what kind of a day it was. It was a fine day for the middle of August, being neither hot nor cold. It was just pleasant. The children dressed quickly and ran downstairs for their breakfast. They ate as much breakfast as children can be induced to eat just before starting out on a picnic.

Mr. Rogers had secured a special bus and after breakfast they all piled into it. He and the gardener brought out the lunch and placed it in the bus. On the way to the woods He told the driver to stop at a certain confec-

tionery store on Main Street. There they purchased the ice cream and put it with the rest of the lunch. Then they started out on the five mile ride to the woods. There was much merry conversation.

"I suppose we will come home this evening tired and wanting to get right to bed, but I don't feel like that now," said Mary.

"Neither do I," came from each one of the children except Bobbie.

"I hope you all will have a happy day and this evening when the driver comes back for us, you will be both tired and happy," said Mr. Rogers. Mrs. Rogers added her good wishes. As they were absorbed in their conversation they did not notice how soon they reached the woods and were very much surprised when the driver stopped.

"This is not the woods already, is it?" asked Mr. Rogers.

"Yes, five miles, sir," answered the driver.

"Well, I am glad we arrived so quickly or the children would have been tired."

The children skipped over into the woods with Mrs. Rogers following, while Mr. Rogers and the driver came over with the ice cream and lunch.

All during the morning the children explored the woods. When noon time came and they were called to lunch, they said the morning had passed all too quickly. Before sitting down to eat they noticed that the twins were missing.

"Where are they!" exclaimed Mrs. Rogers, frightened.

"They are probably around and did not hear us calling," Mr. Rogers said.

But they called and called and no twins appeared. Pretty soon all were quite alarmed and they set off in different directions to look for them.

"Be careful and don't get lost also," warned Mrs. Rogers.

Mary thought they might be near the stream which she noticed when passing in the bus, so off she went in that direction. As she came near the stream she heard merry cries and laughter. As she turned a bend in the road she saw the twins, barefooted, wading in the stream. When they saw her they cried,

"Oh, Mary, tum in the stweam wif us."

Mary ran up to them and said, "Oh, Dotty and Pearl, everyone is looking for you, and Mother is very frightened, for she thinks something has happened to you. Aren't you hungry?"

"Yes, 'deed we is," they answered.

So helping them on with their shoes and stockings, Mary ran back with them to where she had left the others. When the others saw the children, they uttered a cry of delight.

Mrs. Rogers scolded them and laughed at the same time, then said:

"Let us go now and begin our lunch, you all must be very hungry."

So they went and had a merry lunch together, with the twins talking about their experience.

In the afternoon they played the Farmer in the Dell, Hide and go Seek, and many other games. The afternoon passed and they soon found themselves on the way home. Bobbie and the twins fell asleep in the bus. When they got home they had something to eat and then went to bed to enjoy a delightfully refreshing sleep.

Letter Contest

The editor has been busy mailing the prize pictures and hopes that all who have won prizes in the Contest will be pleased with the award. Look up in the back issue of THE GRAIL and read the description of your picture so that you may understand it.

To those who have not been successful, or have not

tried, the editor wishes to say, "Do not be discouraged. Perseverance wins. If you have tried and won, write again. If you have tried and were not successful, try again. If you have not tried, please do so. Let us work for a certificate and one of the beautiful pictures."

My Crucifix

There it stands in silent warning,
Standing there to show the way;
Always as I rise at morning
Does it draw my heart to pray.

Still it holds the dying Jesus,
With his head all drooped in pain,
Still His hands are bleeding for us,
Bleeding but our hearts to gain.

Still His feet are firmly fastened
To the wood which gave us life,
And His hours three seemed lengthened
By our sins of hate and strife.

Still His Sacred Heart is broken,
And He grieves for us His sheep,
Grieves for thoughts and words unspoken,
And for those in death who sleep.

If I could but lift the Burden
Which I've nailed, dear Cross, to thee,
I would follow thee unbidden
To the shores of Galilee. Agnes Lucy Meehan.

Letter Box

The editor is pleased with the response to the Letter Box, and urges the readers who do not belong to "the Corner" to join, and those who have written, to write again. The letters of description are very interesting. Do you live near a factory, a mill? Describe it for your friends in "the Corner." What seems commonplace and very ordinary to you will be interesting to those who live in a different section of the country. The editor lives in the corn belt. In what belt do you live? Are you in a forest region? Did you ever see a forest fire? Write about it. Have you heard your grandfather tell tales of pioneer days? Tell them for us. Have you been across the ocean? Did you ever take a ride in an air ship? Have you experienced a blizzard or seen a glacier? What wild animals have you seen? Have you seen Niagara Falls? What about that base ball, foot ball, or volley ball team that you are interested in? Have you been kidnapped? Did you see a ghost? Do you know what a tramp is? You may think that life is dull and uninteresting, but it is just the everyday events that life is made up of. The trouble with the most of us is that when we pick up a pen and sit down to write, we think and think and think, trying to think of something different, and finally decide that we have nothing to say. Come along now with bigger and better letters than ever before. Let's join hands, or pens, to make this Letter Box the biggest and best that can be found anywhere. Let us make it a LEADER. Let us make it so very interesting that even the grown-ups will wish to read it.

We regret that many letters had to be omitted this time for want of space.

308 Reed Ave., Peoria, Ill.

Dear Aunt Agnes:

The Corner grows more encouraging and interesting every month. So I'm compelled to write again and try to tell you of the wonderful visit I had at the Academy of Our Lady in Chicago, which is under the supervision of the Sisters of Notre Dame.

This is such a fairy-like place, almost beyond descrip-

tion. However I'll give you and the little cousins an idea of this beautiful place.

It is visible, far and wide, for many blocks. When one passes by, whether on train, foot, or street car, the tower of the splendid new Aquinas Hall addition attracts immediate attention.

This is a boarding school for girls, and a very large structure, not including the new building. The old building contains the pretty chapel, auditorium, refectories, dormitories, classrooms, and the fine library, which deserves special note. Here I spent many happy moments, delighting in the grand literature. On the end wall is an immense copy of Da Vinci's "Last Supper," each individual life size.

It would require more than a letter to tell you of the many beautiful and grand rooms, articles, persons, etc. I came in contact with while there on two visits.

The three art rooms: ceramic (earthen-ware), still life, and portrait painting, are some of the treats while at the Academy.

We now go out to the large park, beautiful, green-carpeted, grassy lawn, long walks for delightful strolling; one of these is the "Rose-walk," lined on either side with various colors of roses, which leads to the pretty little lagoon or lake. Around this is a natural effect stone coping and restful wooden and concrete benches. Overlooking the little lake is a life-size statue of the Sacred Heart.

Many grottos of different patrons adorn these grounds. Let us "interview" each one. First we come to dear St. Anthony who possesses a quaint little rookery. The Child Jesus is in his arms.

Next we enjoy a jaunt over the bridge to the "Agony in the Garden" shrine. Within is a large statue of the Lord in His agony. An angel is holding the chalice of Redemption. At His feet are vigil tapers. The Shrine of the Crucifixion compels us to stop a moment. The large cross and corpus, which is so real, that it enables us to meditate more fervently. The little rain shelter over His head is a reminder of those mountain wayside shrines in Europe.

In a reposeful, secluded spot is "Our Lady of Lourdes," an exact duplicate of the one at Lourdes, France. This grotto seems to be visited most frequently. In a little raised alcove, farther back, which is reached by steps are St. Ann and her child, Mary.

And last, but not least, is the new St. Joseph's shrine now in progress. One is more beautiful than another.

Pleasure and all things must end, so a happy vacation went all too soon. So home we returned. Well, school began day after Labor Day. Two fine weeks with dandy weather passed successfully.

I'm entranced with Eighth Grade and a teacher who possesses such a grand character as my present teacher, Sister Mary Elphege. In fact I've been blest with wonderful teachers all through.

Since my first letter to "The Grail" I've won a charming correspondent who's most prompt in her replies, so I try to be just as punctual in my responses.

I sincerely hope and pray, aunt Agnes, for your continued success. And I trust that, imperfect as it is, this small sketch may give pleasure.

I remain your loving niece and cousin,

Pauline Eleanore Marie Dooley,
Eighth Grade, 13 yrs. old.

100 Fairground Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

Dear Friends!

Will you please accept my answer to the picture puzzle in the "Corner" for September? My answer is: "Jonas spent three days in a whale's belly."

Grandmother is a subscriber to the "Grail" and we enjoy reading it when we visit her.

I am, sincerely yours,

Mary Stuhldreher.

2724 Garber St., Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Aunt and Cousins:

We have been taking the "Grail" now for 3 months and I have always enjoyed reading "the corner," so I have decided to ask you if I may belong.

I do not know of much to write about except that I am 17 years old and in my fourth year in High School. I am corresponding with one of the Cornerites now and I shall be glad to receive any letters and I will answer them.

I will close now and when I write again I will try to write more. I hope some reader about my age will write me.

With love from your new niece and cousin,
Rosalie Luken.

Puzzle Picture

What fact of Biblical history does this puzzle picture represent? Let me tell you where you can find the answer. Turn to the book of Judges and read chapter 15.



Last Month's Puzzle

The answer to the Alphabet Puzzle, which was contributed by Rita T. Coffey, reads: "In God we trust."

Smiles

Helen, aged four, wanted to go to school. "If you will be good," said her mother, "you may go tomorrow." In the morning Helen asked, "Am I going to school today?" Mother replied, "I thought you were going tomorrow?" Helen thought a moment, then said, "Well, Granma lookit at the calendar and she said that today is tomorrow."

On another occasion she was looking out of the window and was greatly concerned for fear that her dog,

Rex, who had rheumatism in his legs, would be run over. Grandma told her that he could get out of the way. "But," answered Helen, who thought otherwise, "he can't because his legs are wrinkled."

In telling one of the schoolboys about the rheumatic dog, she said, "Rex has the lame-i-tism in his back."

Helen's Papa has a horse that is called Pete. One day she saw a man passing with four horses, two of which looked like her papa's horse. She said, "There goes Mr. Hixson with a white horse, and a black horse, and two Petes."

Mother—"Willie, have you fed the gold fish?"

Willie—"Yes, mamma, I fed them to the cat."

Marie had just returned from her first day at school, where she had been, oh, so lonesome. Throwing herself into her mother's lap and placing her arms around mother's neck, she said: "Mother, I'm your first baby, ain't I?" Hearing this, little Irene, who was playing near by, came to mother and looking up into her face, asked: "Mother, I'm your 'two-th,' ain't I?"

Sister M. Philipine Treumund, of Centocow, South Africa, has promised us some "Smiles" and we shall be very glad to receive them. "Smiles" are always welcome, for they help such a lot to make life more worthwhile.

"Exchange" Smiles

(Contributed by Marguerite Canary)

A mother had occasion to reprove her seven-year-old daughter for playing with rude children. "Well, Ma," rejoined the little one, "some folks don't like bad company, but I always did."

"Isabel, my child, you must not tease kitty so. I don't like to see it."

"Well, don't look, Mama."

Teacher—What is the meaning of the Latin verb *nescio*?

Pupil—(The last in the row, after all the others had failed to give the proper answer)—I don't know.

Teacher—Right. Go to the head of the class.

Fifty-seven miles out on their automobile trip Mrs. Worry turned to her husband, "Oh, John, I forgot to turn off the electric iron!"

"Never mind, dear, nothing will burn, I forgot to turn off the shower bath."

November

F. H. SWEET

On hillsides, now, the sumacs light
Their crimson lamps in autumn's praise,
By winding stream, on wooded height,
The maples gorgeous heads upraise;
The royal oak, in buff and red,
And birches in their golden dress,
The alders by the river's bed,
All trim their lamps and forward press.

And in the fields the cinquefoil,
With tiny yellow face is found,
Twining its tendrils, coil on coil,
And richly carpeting the ground.

While purple asters in the grass,
By every nook and path we stray,
Look up and smile at those who pass,
Delaying autumn on its way.

Across the fields the plovers pipe
Their parting news to speeding bird,
The pattering of chestnuts ripe
Among new-fallen leaves is heard;
The honking geese fly overhead,
The swallows leave the barn roof's arch,
The crickets chirp from grassy bed,—
True heralds of the autumn's march.

Animals and Antiseptic Surgery

(Continued from page 306)

lives, among them Dr. Lazear. His tablet in the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in the words written by President Elliott, records that "with more than the courage and the devotion of the soldier he risked and lost his life to show how a fearful pestilence is communicated and how its ravages may be prevented."

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade

ST. MEINRAD SEMINARY UNIT

ENLISTING THE POOR SOULS IN THE MISSION CAUSE

This is the month of November, the month assigned by the Church for special devotion to the suffering Souls in Purgatory. Although they are so near to God and so sure of their salvation, they can do absolutely nothing to better their own lot or to shorten their term of suffering. However, they can do much to help their friends on this earth.

They pray with much more fervor and devotion than any of us poor mortals can. This is because of their close and loving union with their Divine Friend; although theirs is rather a state of expectancy and hope than of union. Hence, to have these souls for our friends is to have a guarantee of constant and permanent intercession in our behalf before the throne of the Most High.

The object of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade is to aid the missions both at home and abroad. Not all of us are in a position to give much material aid but we can pray. This is one gift that God gives to every one and it is up to us to use it properly.

That the missions need our prayers is self-evident. Now what could be a more profitable investment than for us to offer our prayers for the missions this month in behalf of the poor souls in Purgatory?

Even in Purgatory they can do a great amount of good by their prayers; so during this month let's enlist the help of these suffering souls in our cause.

THE C. S. M. C. A TRUE MISSION AID

Over \$1,000 was contributed to missionary purposes, during the past school year, by the Crusaders of Notre

Dame; 1,156 volumes on missionary subjects were circulated by St. Andrew's Preparatory Seminary, Rochester; 4,000 monthly prayer leaflets were sent, upon request to various units, during one month last spring, by the St. Meinrad Seminary Unit.

These three examples, taken at random, offer you just a little, little glimpse of the magnificent accomplishments of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in furthering the cause of the missions. For remember, 400,000 students, all burning with missionary zeal, have enlisted under the banner of the Cross to plant this sign of our Redemption firmly on the vast fields of China, Africa, and all other mission lands both at home and abroad. Who is there to record the sacrifices these 400,000 Crusaders have joyfully undergone in order to make a fitting financial contribution to the needy missions? Who is there to describe the lasting impressions that mission lectures, mission plays, and mission study clubs have imprinted upon the minds of our Catholic youth? Who is there to appraise adequately the Holy Communion, Masses, Rosaries offered to Jesus for the spreading of His kingdom upon earth? None other than Christ Himself.

Yes, the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade has captivated the hearts of the American Catholic Students. It has taught them to give "till it hurts," to thirst for an intimate knowledge of mission affairs, and above all, to pray as they never prayed before. And the result? Christ's missions are beginning to flourish. The mission problems are considered with the keenest interest by thousands who a few years ago never heard of them. Many have answered the call to labor among the infidels, which is the greatest need of the mission-vocations to the missionary life. To mention one example out of a thousand: five zealous Crusaders, graduates from St. Joseph's College, Princeton, N. J., heeded the call and joined the Congregation of the Missions.—Who will say that the Crusade is not a true mission aid?

Sonnets of Holy Lore---3

DOM HUGH BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

"Our something comfort was the cadencing
Of dawn, day, twilight, while the dulcet stars
Thrilled ever on—yet heartache, that oft mars
And bruises, smote each joy with sorrowing.

Wisdom! Alone thy comeliness doth wring
Us from our numb, drear selves; new-pulsing powers
Our mind essays, and marvels, while thy dowers
Of love—too vast for tacit bosoming.

From rocky shelve to shelve quiver away
Blue-glinting fish up thro' the cascade spray,
Clear, clearer, to the placid mountain lake.

Thus thro' the sweet flood of Thy blessedness
May we rise daily, curbing waywardness
Into allegiance, till the King's dawn break.

Pilgrim Thoughts

P. K.

"We have not here a lasting city, but we seek one that is to come."—Heb. 13:14.

ALL SAINTS

Farewell, ye blessed saints, too short, alas, our stay
With you in spirit on this blissful, festive day!
With heavy heart now back to earth we wend our way
Till dreary days of exile shall be o'er.
Our body cleaves indeed to earth, but e'er above
Our homesick heart is anchored in the Home of Love,
To which it fain would soar, as to its nest the dove,
And praise its God with you forevermore.

ALL SOULS

Now from the ivy-mantled tower, deep and low,
The tolling bell the faithful all inviteth: "Go
Unto the city of the dead, where row on row
The fallen heroes sleep beneath the sod.
An iron cross, their strength and hope, doth mark each mound
Where rest from daily toil and strife they've found.
Come, let us kneel in prayer upon this holy ground
That soon each ransomed soul may see its God."

ALL SINNERS

A warfare is our mortal life. With dreadful din
The hosts of darkness storm the soul's weak fort within;
But all in vain, if free will bars the door to sin,
And if our arms in fear we cast not down.
Ah! soon irksome strife will end, and cleansing fires
Will rank us with our comrades—saints and angel
choirs,
Where all our hopes shall be fulfilled, all our desires—
When we receive the victor's palm and crown.

Abbey and Seminary

—September 16th saw the return of our students from their summer vacation, which had been prolonged a week because of the Regional Eucharistic Congress that was held at St. Mary-of-the-Woods on the 10th and 11th. The number of students has increased considerably over that of previous years. In fact, there is a constant increase at the opening of each new scholastic year. The philosophers and the theologians together number 101, while the Preparatory Seminary has an enrolment of 200. Room is at a premium. A new building is imperative. Will some philanthropist, who has the education of students for the priesthood at heart, step forward and lend us at least a helping hand—say, fifty-fifty? Let us hear from one at a time. Too many voices at once are confusing. So many dioceses are sighing and praying for more priests.

Some necessary improvements were, of course, made during the past summer. The basement of the College, which for years had been vacant, now contains a splendid lavatory large enough to meet present de-

mands. Lockers for shoes, and sanitary toilets too, find place therein. The former lavatory has been converted into a classroom. Last year's extension dormitory, where the philosophers of yore were initiated in the wisdom of the ancients, now resounds with the marches of Caesar. Several of the rooms on the second floor, in which classic lore used to be dispensed, have become sleeping rooms.—On the College playgrounds a double handball alley of concrete has been erected where a tennis court stood in years ago. The seminarians are putting tennis courts, etc., in shape for future games. To get the means to assist them in their constructive plans they are preparing a minstrel show that will soon be produced for the public.

Some of the familiar faces are absent this year. Among those who are continuing their studies elsewhere are Mr. Elmer Schumacher, who went to Innsbruck for theology. Mr. Bernard Kieffer will pursue his course in philosophy and theology at Rome. Mr. William Gauche, who took philosophy at Cincinnati, has likewise gone to Rome for theology.

Moreover, two others are among the missing, two clerics of the Abbey, Fr. William Walker, O. S. B., and Fr. Gabriel Verkamp, O. S. B., who will also complete their studies at Rome, but in the International Benedictine College of San Anselmo on Mount Aventine. On the evening of October 5th the Itinerarium, or the prayers for those going on a journey, was recited in choir and on the following morning our two pilgrims departed for New York, whence they were to sail on the *President Wilson*. After a breathing spell at "Napoli" they were scheduled to make a brief visit at the ancient abbey of Monte Cassino, where our holy founder, St. Benedict, established a thriving community and where he breathed forth his soul into the hands of his Maker. Thence they were to continue on to Rome, where they should arrive about November 1st. A retreat, with which the school year opens, follows, then—to class. In Rome, venerable in its antiquity, the mistress of the world even before the Christian era, sage and saint have drunk in learning from the founts of wisdom. It is a rare treat to sit at the feet of the great masters in the Rome of the Caesars, the Rome of the Popes, still the mistress of the world—the Christian world, Rome eternal.

—On October 3rd Brother Aloysius went to the hospital at Louisville for surgical treatment.

—Rt. Rev. Emmanuel B. Ledvina, class of '93, spent several days with us in the fore part of October. On Sunday, the 12th, he ordained at Pontifical High Mass for his diocese of Corpus Christi Rev. Daniel Laning. Besides this, the diaconate was conferred on Messrs. George Corbin and Francis Kaspar for the same diocese. Father Laning celebrated his first Solemn High Mass at his home in Philadelphia on October 19th.

—The beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours was held in the Abbey Church on October 17, 18, and 19. A number of the priests of the Abbey were absent during these days, conducting the Forty Hours in neighboring parishes.

—Now that we have an excellent highway to Dale, word has been received from Washington that our Uncle Sam has given us a new mail route with three mails a day instead of two as at present. By the new arrangement we shall be able to get the morning papers from Louisville shortly after noon, as was formerly the case when the mail was carried from Johnsburg (Ferdinand Station). Mail from Chicago and from St. Louis should reach us before supper. This, together with the fact that it requires less time for us to reach the railway station than it does for multitudes in a city like Chicago, makes us feel that after all we are not so far removed from the centers of civilization.

—Owing to the ease and convenience with which people travel in our age, there is an almost unbroken stream of visitors here. St. Meinrad Abbey is advertised on the State road map as one of the places of interest in southern Indiana.

—Brother Michael, who is known to many generations of students, met with quite a painful accident in late September. Having risen from a bench beneath the weeping willow trees in front of the old seminary, where sat the "sems" of old, the good Brother unfortunately stepped too close to the low wall before him and toppled over, wrenching an ankle. He will now have time for an indefinite period to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with the muse, whose friendship he has ever cherished.

—Rev. William Wigmann, an alumnus of College and Seminary, is assistant at St. Joseph's Church, Cairo, Illinois.

Book Notices

"Take and Read" is an inspiring pamphlet of 30 pages, brimful of interest from the first line to the last, which should be read by priest and people alike. Fr. Faustin, O. F. M., the author, calls attention to the enormous output of the modern press and its vast power for good and evil, with evil preponderating. He also makes some practical suggestions on the apostolate of the press. "Take and Read" deserves a wide circulation. Price 5¢. In quantities, 3¢.

"The Life Story of Mother Seton," by Louise Malloy, is a brief but interesting sketch of the sainted Mother Seton, convert and foundress of the Sisters of Charity in the United States. Owing to the fact that steps have been taken towards the canonization of Mother Seton, this booklet is very timely. Carroll Publishing Co., 116 Lanvale St., Baltimore, Maryland. Price 25¢.

"I'll Try" is the title of a 90-page booklet by William F. Sharp (325 N. Pearl St., Bridgeton, N. J.). The story shows how a courageous boy, by always applying the motto—I'll try—overcame every obstacle that he encountered.

"What Every Catholic Should Know," by D. I. Lantolots, O. S. B., is a booklet of 89 pages in which the author has condensed into 28 chapters the canons of the Code of Canon Law that pertain to the rights and obligations of the laity. This instructive treatise ought to appeal to the laity, for, says the introduction: "A citizen should have some knowledge of the laws of his country, if not, he will court suffering on ac-

count of his ignorance; wilful ignorance cannot be an excuse for transgression. A member of the Church must, with all the more reason, endeavor to know the laws of God and of the Church, as his eternal salvation depends upon their observance." Price 25¢. Frederick Pustet Co., New York and Cincinnati.

"Ireland's Important and Heroic Part in America's Independence and Development," a book of 322 pages, published by John P. Daleiden Co., 1530 Sedgwick St., Chicago., price \$1.60, shows what an important part Ireland played in making the United States what it is today. The information contained in this volume cannot fail to be intensely instructive and equally interesting to all fair-minded Americans who wish to see justice done and credit given to those who so richly deserve it. Moreover, this work, which should be of especial interest to every Irishman, is a short summary of important events in the development of America which are not found in the ordinary history of the United States. The facts embodied therein are founded upon early records of contemporary witnesses and are, therefore, quite reliable. For the benefit of his readers the author enumerates the sources whence he drew his information. We would add that this volume which is of convenient school size, with easily legible print, appropriately illustrated, and tastefully bound, will be found suitable as a textbook for schools as well as a book of reference for the general reader. J. R.

Among the almanacs for 1925 that have reached our table is Benziger Brothers' "Catholic Home Annual," which is in its 42nd year. The price is 25¢ (postpaid 29¢). This Annual, which maintains its usual high standard, is profusely illustrated and contains stories besides much other matter that is both instructive and edifying.

"St. Antony's Almanac," (price 25¢, by mail 29¢), comes from the Franciscan Fathers of St. Bonaventure's Monastery, St. Bonaventure, N. Y. This Almanac presents a pleasing appearance with its illustrations and general make-up. Its "Rubrics for the Laity," and the marriage law given in detail, besides its mission and historical features, short stories, etc., make it an appropriate manual for the home.

"The Crusader's Almanac," which is published quarterly in the interest of the Holy Land by the Franciscans of Mt. St. Sepulchre, Washington, D. C., contains illustrations and descriptive matter pertaining to the holy places. Price 2¢ the year.

A Lecture Guild

The sixth annual circular of the Lecture Guild, with headquarters at New York City, has just been received. It contains the names of over forty prominent Catholics equipped to speak on the varying and interesting topics of the day.

Among the names recently added to the list of speakers is that of the Guild secretary, Miss Blanche Mary Dillon, who will speak on Current Problems of interest to Catholics, Miss Rose Walsh, dramatic reader, Miss Teresa Beatrice O'Hare, who talks on Modern Pilgrimages and the Little Flower, and Patterson James, the well known dramatic critic, who will talk on the Present Condition of the Drama and Theatre.

Middle West tours are being arranged for Aline Kilmer, Sir Bertram Windle, Mrs. O'Hare, George Hermann Derry, T. A. Daly, Miss Blanche Mary Dillon, and Miss Rose Walsh.

The circular, which contains a short description of each lecturer and titles of the lectures, will be sent without charge upon application to the secretary, Miss Blanche Mary Dillon, 7 East 42nd St., New York City.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Coals of Fire

ANNE Layton sat in the front parlor of the Chariton home, along with some ten girl friends who, together, formed the Mission Sewing Circle of St. Margaret's Parish. They met once a week, preferably on a Thursday afternoon, at each other's homes, and after sewing from two to four, the hostess usually provided a dainty luncheon, and the balance of the afternoon was devoted to pleasure.

Bannon, where the girls lived, was but a small town, and everybody knew everybody else; St. Margaret's was the only Catholic church, and more than half the town belonged to it. Most of the girls remained at home and helped their mothers, since the lure of working in a big city had not penetrated there, and, in fact, most of the families were in good circumstances, and kept their daughters at home, a fact which made Bannon famous in that country for turning out brides who were perfect housewives.

None of the girls were above doing any part of the work in a home, even those who might have had hired help, and they rather prided themselves in their culinary and domestic skill, and even felt a little superior to the city girls who had to go out to earn a living and had no time to become perfect in domestic arts.

The Chariton home was one of those delightful places whose furnishings dated back to a great-grandmother of theirs, and were handed down from generation to generation. There was all the quaint charm of rag rugs and wax flowers under globes and antique parlor furniture and a marble fireplace with real andirons where real logs burned in winter. Nothing new-fashioned was called in to replace the old, cherished heirlooms, on four-poster beds, intricate hand-made counterpanes, carved rosewood secretaries, and glass cupboards were jealously preserved, though Mrs. Chariton allowed a modern touch to enter here and there in the way of new curtains and drapes, white-enameled woodwork, and brand-new hardwood floors, which had just been put in.

The Charitons were considered quite the aristocrats of the town, having been one of the first three families to settle there, and Agnese, the daughter, did not fail to impress this fact by subtle words and hints upon all who sought to make her acquaintance. It was she who, with her usual desire to head and dominate things, organized the Sewing Circle, less, it would seem, from an

interest in the missions themselves, than to be recognized as a leader of something, and she was very exclusive in her choice of members. The other girls, may it be said to their credit, joined only from a genuine desire to do something for those who were struggling in far-away lands toward the light of Faith, nor could they see down into the heart of their president and discern her ignoble motive.

But however that was, much good came of it, since parcel after parcel of clothing, toys, and notions were sent away to cheer and encourage the poor heathen. In this work none was more versatile and ingenious in her ideas than Anne Layton, to whom the girls turned naturally as to one who knew and understood every phase of the work they were undertaking. For Anne's mother was a dressmaker, and her daughter often helped her in the intervals of housekeeping, which Anne kept up herself, so that her mother might be free to do her work.

There was no part of the making of a garment which Anne did not understand, and her originality, and understanding of the needs of those for whom they were laboring, made her a real treasure in the little society. But Agnese secretly disliked this deference, which she would rather have seen paid to herself, more especially since Anne and her mother were in very moderate circumstances, for sewing did not pay overly much in that town. Had it been up to Agnese, Anne would never have been suffered to join, but the fact that she did belong happened thus: Edith Gregory, whose family had just recently moved into the town, and were reputed wealthy because her father came to establish a dye works there, was, of course, immediately sought out and catered to by Agnese; Edith's mother, having discovered an old school-day friend in Mrs. Layton, at once renewed the acquaintance, and their two daughters became devoted friends. Naturally then, when Edith was invited to join the Sewing Circle, she put up her friend Anne's name for admittance. Agnese dared not vote against it, lest she displease her new and wealthy friend.

Mrs. Layton was generally accepted as a widow in the community, though she had never explained her position to anyone, and none of the gossips were able to learn a word of her former life, whence she hailed, etc., even by the most prying of them. So that some of them wagged their heads wisely and secretly intimated that whoever was not willing freely to discuss his entire life

history, his antecedents, connections, family tree, etc., surely must have something to hide.

Anne herself, however, was a most delightful girl, ever kind, pleasant, and helpful, discreet, tender-hearted and sympathetic and if anyone was in distress in the town, Anne was the first to feel pity and suggest relief. So, on this particular afternoon, they were discussing a poor old man who lived on the outskirts of town in a dilapidated shack, who had not a relative or friend to look after him. He had fallen ill and a kind neighbor or two had visited him from time to time and seen to his needs. But as his illness did not seem to abate, the kind ones began to feel that the drain of paying for his doctor bills and other expenses was growing a bit too much for them and thought others ought to help a bit.

So Anne, the ever kind, had taken up his case, suggested making a collection and getting donations of clothes for him. Agnese, who did not care for this sort of charity, but only the kind that could be blared about with her name at the top of the banner, sat back in a corner and scarcely took notice of the proceedings, being interested instead in a piece of gossip which one of the girls, the more shame to her, had brought along with her.

'Yes,' she was saying, 'this Mr. Seeward knew them in Indianapolis. They lived in a swell house up the street from him, and had two cars. They do say one of them belonged to Anne, and they had a maid and a chauffeur. Lived high, you know.'

'And then what?' asked Agnese breathlessly. It was the most sprightly piece of news she had heard for many a day, and she edged her chair closer so as not to lose a word of it. Across the room Anne was listening politely to a suggestion from one of the girls, a placid smile on her face, all unaware of the mine that was being placed beneath her feet.

'Well, as I was saying,' continued the girl, 'they lived high; he was cashier of the bank, as I told you. But he wasn't satisfied. He wanted to be a millionaire, so he borrowed the bank's funds and speculated with it. The old, old story, you know.' Agnese leaned still closer, flashing an inquisitive and triumphant glance over to Anne.

'What else? Did he lose it?' she asked.

'Every cent! Paupers! And he—can you guess where he is now?'

'Not in—?' The girl nodded.

'He got twenty years. Served ten of them already.' Agnese put her hand to her mouth, and her eyes dilated.

'Heavens! If I had only known that before!' she said to her friend. 'Here we are associating with the daughter of a convict, and treating her like one of our best friends! Isn't it too terrible?'

'What do you mean to do?'

'Do! Why, I wouldn't let her remain in the society for a minute, after that! What am I going to do? Watch me!' For a time she listened with a sort of languid interest to the proceedings of the society, but when it was about to close, she was seen whispering to

first one then another of the girls; then they adjourned for lunch. When they were about to depart for home, Agnese stepped forward:

'Girls, I've been requested to announce that this society is about to disband. There will be no more meetings from henceforward.' Some stared in astonishment, others, who had been let into the secret, looked knowing. Anne, among others, expressed her surprise, and asked why, but there was no one who seemed to know or cared to answer. So they disbanded. But three days later all the other girls but Anne received neat little notes on pink, gold-edged cards, announcing that the society was being re-organized, and would they not like to join?

And so the secret went its rounds until one unhappy day, poor Anne learned why she had been let out of the society. Only one true friend remained to her—when Edith found out the truth, she promptly resigned from the newly organized clique, saying that it was unworthy of members who pretended to do good on the one hand, to injure someone on the other. With the action of so powerful a member as an example, several other girls followed her lead, and then Agnese had a mere four adherents. Of course, it was no use trying to go on with so few, so the society was automatically disbanded a second time. But the other faithful seven continued their mission labors and did not allow so small a thing as personal likes and dislikes to interfere.

Poor Anne cried bitter tears in secret, for she would not let her mother know why she was let out, nor why her eyes always seemed to hold within their limpid depths a burden of unshed waters. For her dear mother had made a brave fight alone, and it would not do to hurt her faithful heart. True through thick and thin to the husband who had gone wrong through misplaced ardor to provide well for his loved ones, they were working and saving against the time when he would once more be with them, and his letters of heart-broken repentance for the misery he had caused them, were only excelled by those of love, cheer, and affection which they forwarded to him, together with many a little gift to remind him that two hearts, at least, beat unchanged for him.

So, two years went on, and Spring came again; then June, and graduates began pouring in from distant colleges and universities, among them Robert Chariton. There were many fêtes and dances in his honor, to some of which Anne was invited, partly through Edith's friendship, partly because of her own radiant personality. She met Robert, who, despite his sister's frowns, found something in her which other girls did not seem to possess.

'Say, what's the matter with you, Sis,' he asked one day. 'Why are you so crusty over this Layton girl? Because she's poor? You know that wouldn't amount to a row of pins with me, so you might as well get ready to like your sister-in-law.'

'Bob!' almost shrieked Agnese. 'You don't mean—heavens! If you knew what I knew, you wouldn't touch her with a ten-foot pole!' Bob narrowed his eyes,

plunged his hands into his pockets and leaned forward with severe mien.

'Take care, Sis, what you say about her. What is it you know?' Agnese laughed pityingly at him.

'Oh, you needn't be so gallant about it. You'll wilt a bit after I tell you.' She then disclosed the whole miserable story, and poor Bob did wilt, though he strove not to show it. But his sister was not prepared for his answer.

'That's bad, isn't it. But anyway she didn't do it, and it's none of her fault, and she's the finest girl you'd ever want to know.'

'Perhaps, but, of course, you couldn't keep on seeing her after that, you know.' Bob said nothing, only jammed on his palm beach cap, jumped into his car and rode off, where, no one knew. As a matter of fact he went to the woods, there to pace up and down for an hour, thrashing out the subject in his mind. After he had got all points satisfactorily settled, he went straight to Anne Layton's home, and spent the evening there. The following evening he appeared at the Country Club with her, and, thereafter, took her with him to every affair he attended.

Agnese was indignant, and his mother furious. They remonstrated, scolded, threatened; but of course, that is the way to make all Bobs want the girl more than ever. At last, one day, Mrs. Chariton called Agnese, and begged her to think of some expedient which would save them from receiving a convict's daughter into their stainless family. Her plan was to send her daughter to Anne Layton, lay the case before her, and ignobly beg the girl to give up her lover. But, though Agnese listened to this cowardly proposal, she had no notion of going openly to one she so thoroughly disliked, and discussing a subject which must be repugnant to them both. She thought of a better way, having no scruples about the means, so she might gain her end.

'Bob,' she said one day, 'I see you are perfectly mule-headed about that girl, and since you won't listen to reason, I must save you. I am sorry to have to bring up a subject like this, but perhaps when you learn that criminality runs in that family, you'll get some sense into your head and give her up.'

'Criminality! Say, listen here, Sis—'

'No; I'm not going to listen; I'm going to talk. You remember that little leather novelty purse you sent me last year from Jamestown?'

'Yes; well, what of it?'

'Well, one day when the sewing circle was meeting here at our house, I left it lying on the dining room table. I saw Anne take it. You watch her; some day she'll take it with her when you accompany her. Ask her where she got it; I'm curious to hear what sort of lie she'll concoct. No doubt she'll tell you she bought it. You can't buy them in this town.' Again Bob narrowed his eyes and looked at his sister sharply.

'That's a grave accusation you are making, Sis. You are sure she took it from you?'

'I saw her with my own eyes, though she didn't know it. Watch her.' Bob said no more; just kept his own

counsel. A few days later he called for her to go riding with him. Since his sister's appraisal, he felt like a coward every time he looked at Anne's hands; he always kept them averted, lest he see the object which would confirm his sister's words. Anne came down the steps laughing and happy—he saw it from a distance—the little leather bag with its red satin top, and a picture of the Jamestown Courthouse printed upon it. He turned hot and cold, then began to tremble violently. God! he thought, what a blow! It was almost a silent ride, and Anne gradually felt the coldness creeping from him to her; at the end of the little journey, they bade each other the strangest farewell that ever passed between them.

Anne went upstairs feeling queer and grief-stricken, while Bob went home, and, encountering his sister, said, 'You're right.' Agnese and her mother were triumphant, and though Bob refused to attend any of the many affairs to which he was invited, and remained either up in his room, or went out only with his boy friends, they told each other that 'he would get over it.' Meanwhile Anne Layton grew pale and quiet, and told no one of her hidden grief.

The first flakes of winter began to fall, and one evening the Charitons went out to a party, not returning until midnight. The snow had become blinding, and Bob, at the wheel, could hardly see where he was steering. On nearing the Layton home, where there was a bridge over the little stream, he, not being able to see the road, crashed into the barricade, broke through it, and the machine and its occupants went hurtling through the darkness down into the icy waters below. Their screams brought Anne and her mother out; their house was at a distance from the next neighbor, so they two, after telephoning for help, went down into the ditch, and dragged the injured woman and unconscious girl out and up into their house.

Bob, gashed and bleeding, helped all he could, while Mr. Chariton lay helpless and unable to move. Agnese was found by the doctor to be too severely injured to admit of moving her, so Anne, all kindness and sympathy, begged to have her placed in her own room, where she tended her most carefully during the trying days when the fever made her delirious. It was in this confessional that Anne learned from the burning lips of Agnese, the cause of her brother's estrangement, yet she only bowed her head and tended her the more assiduously.

When the girl finally regained consciousness, and learned that she would recover, though perhaps compelled to use crutches for the balance of her life, she burst into tears, grasped Anne's hand, and cried:

'It is my punishment! Anne, you are simply an angel! After the mean trick I played on you, you repay me only with kindness. Please send for Bob.' He came, anxiously enough, and there, before the two she told how she had seen Anne have a purse like her own, and determined to make use of this knowledge to keep her brother away from her. After finishing, Agnese placed Anne's hand into that of her brother, and begged

them both to forgive her, bursting into tears anew.

Anne's only reply was to throw her arms about the sick girl's neck, and kiss her wan cheek.

Queens Who Became Saints

One thing that stands out in the history of the Church is that sanctity is possible to all. The Litany of the Saints is the most cosmopolitan catalogue in existence. We sometimes fancy that if our lot in life were different, we could serve God better, but that is not true. The history of the women saints of the Church proves that whatever our station, or lot in life, saintship is open to all.

The first queen saint we know of is St. Helena, she who discovered the burial place of the true cross. She was but a poor innkeeper in her younger days, but, chancing to meet the Roman General Constantius Chlorus, who fell in love with her, she married him. Had he foreseen that he would some day be Roman Emperor, he might not have taken notice of her, but she was his faithful wife for twenty years, and bore him a son, afterwards Constantine the Great. However, when her husband ascended the throne, he began to think of making a marriage that would mean more to him politically, so he put aside without any scruple the wife that was good enough for him when he was Roman officer.

In the bitterness of her grief, Helena was consoled by her son's great affection and devotion, and when fourteen years later, Constantine succeeded to the throne, he could not honor his mother enough. He gave her the title Augusta, and ordered that all honor should be paid her as the mother of the sovereign.

When sometime later, Constantine had won his immortal victory, and seen a miraculous cross in the sky, Helena became a Christian through his influence, and such a Christian! She threw herself with such ardor into her new faith, that one might believe that she had been from childhood a disciple of the Redeemer. From this first moment of her conversion she used all her wealth and influence to spread Christianity. She built churches all over the empire, and especially in the Holy Land.

She was already an old woman when she undertook a pilgrimage to Palestine, which was the land she loved above all others, because of our Saviour's sufferings there. At that time no one knew where the true cross of Jesus was concealed, so St. Helena took upon herself the sacred duty of finding it, sparing neither wealth nor pains in the search. At last she was rewarded; but there were three crosses, and no one knew on which one our Saviour had hung. So the three crosses were brought to Jerusalem where a woman lay dying. The crosses were applied to her, the first two having no effect, but the third healing her.

Helena immediately had a beautiful church erected over the place where the relics were found. The cross was divided into three parts, one placed in the church above the sepulchre, one she brought to Constantinople, and one to Rome, where she also caused a church to be built.

She was over sixty when she became a Christian, but the space of time still left to her was so filled with good and holy works that her name will never be forgotten.

Treating Old Wood Floors

In many old houses, where the floors are of soft wood, the problem arises, how to treat and finish them to produce the smoothest possible surface and present an appearance as nearly as possible like the more expensive hardwood.

First of all, remove all nails or tacks, or drive them below the surface. If it is splintery, it should be planed or sandpapered. Of the two, planing is by far the most satisfactory and least laborious. Then the wood should be scrubbed thoroughly with hot soapsuds and rinsed with clear water. If there are stubborn stains, these may be taken out by dissolving 1 teaspoon of oxalic acid in 1 cup of hot water. This liquid, which is poisonous, and must be handled carefully, is spread on the wood and allowed to stand over night. In the morning it must be thoroughly scrubbed off, so that no trace of the acid remains, else it will eat the finish afterwards and ruin it.

When thoroughly dry, it may then be stained, varnished, oiled or painted, according to the finish desired. After the first coat has been applied, cracks and holes should be filled with crack-filler colored to match the floor. Various kinds of crack-fillers may be purchased, but a simple and satisfactory one may be made of genuine whiting, linseed oil putty, 10% of dry white lead, and coloring matter to match the floor finish, all worked thoroughly together. Another good filler is made of cabinet glue melted with a little water in a double boiler, and thickened with fine sawdust. This may be colored to match the wood, and worked smoothly into cracks with a small knife. Then apply second and third coats. A slightly worn varnished floor can generally be renovated by rubbing over with linseed oil on a soft cloth, which will cause the scratches to disappear. If it is too badly worn, however, the best way is to remove all the old finish and start anew. Old varnish or paint can be removed by chemical mixtures, or lye. The commercial removers are rather expensive, but a satisfactory mixture may be made at home by getting the following ingredients from a druggist and mixing together: 4 parts benzol, 3 parts amyl acetate or fusel oil, 1 part carbon tetrachloride or chloroform.

After this mixture has been applied to the wood and allowed to stand for a few minutes, the old paint or varnish may be scraped off with a dull knife, a piece of glass, or steel wool. This mixture should be used only where there is plenty of ventilation, and no flame of any kind, since it is anaesthetic and combustible.

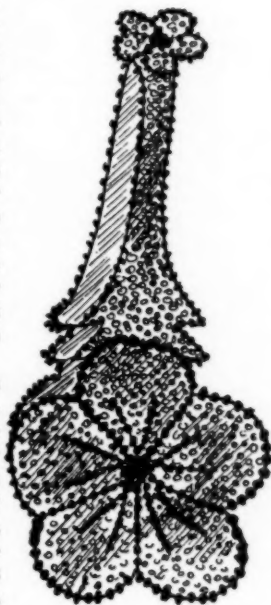
Many housewives prefer to do their floors with lye, in which treatment, however, great care must be taken not to allow the caustic to come in contact with the hands. The best manner of doing this work is to obtain the powdered lye in a perforated can, wetting the

floor with hot water, sprinkling it with lye, and then scrubbing with a brush on which a block has been nailed, so it will raise the fingers high off the floor. Rinse with a mop in three or four clear waters, after which a cloth may be used to finish wiping. If fingers accidentally become burned by the lye, heat some vinegar and place the burn in it; this affords quick relief.

Needlework Design

No. 1 is a beaded wrist bag, fresh from the New York and Paris shops, where they are shown in various shapes and colors. This one made up beautifully with the flower in Copenhagen blue cut-glass beads, the veins and center in ruby red beads, and the handle or strap in green. The cut glass beads are prettiest, since they glitter most fascinatingly at night. Pattern for this little bag, 15¢.

No. 2 is also a Parisian design — a handkerchief, done on sheerest handkerchief lawn, in cream or ecru silk. The effect is stunning. The design may also be adapted to doily, which would be very pretty used on china cabinet shelves, embroidered on fine linen. The white and ecru make a very rich effect. Pattern 15¢. CLARE HAMPTON, 3343A. S. Comp-ton Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 2¢ stamps preferred.



No. 1



No. 2

The Care of Children's Feet

The importance of caring for a baby's feet cannot be stressed too much, for many foot ills that develop later in life are directly traceable to a lack of understanding of the needs of a child's foot. A baby's foot is a mass of soft bones, which are very easily moulded into the right or wrong shape, according to the kind of foot-wear placed upon them. The very young child should have stockings of silk and wool, or cotton and wool, and when washed, should be placed upon a wooden stocking frame to dry, which will prevent shrinking. Stockings of all wool are not needed, and they shrink too badly.

Care must be taken to buy larger stockings the moment the old ones grow too small, since stockings that have been outgrown, if used, will have a tendency to cramp and deform the tender little toes. There is a difference in lengths, too, and they should be selected long enough, so they may be pinned up comfortably, for, if too short, they might hamper the free movement of the child's limbs and cause chafing of the tender skin.

Children's shoes today are built on scientific lines, and one can hardly go wrong in selecting one of the shoes that are sold under well-known names. When first bought, shoes should be about one inch longer than the foot, and about a quarter of an inch broader. This will allow room for the muscles to develop as the child's foot grows rapidly. The shoes must never be laced too tight, and there must be no seams or rough places inside. In summer, white canvas makes a cool shoe for young children, and in winter, soft French kid or very soft calfskin may be used. We are often tempted, in the case of lusty boys of four to five years, to buy good heavy shoes, of 'gun-metal' or some other heavy leather, so they will not wear out so quickly. However, some children's feet are so sensitive that they cannot wear these, since they cause corns and callouses on the tender skin; so care must be taken to watch this, and if these shoes have such an effect, they should be discarded at once.

To prevent 'ingrowing toe nails,' cut them straight across, not round. If the tendency to ingrowing nails is persistent, the doctor's attention should be called to this, for it is a very painful condition, and if neglected, may require an operation if not corrected in time.

A small piece of antiseptic cotton, placed under the sharp corners of the toe nail, will prevent further cutting into the flesh and will permit the soreness to heal.

Recipes

DATE MUFFINS: Place in a bowl $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups whole wheat flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, and stir thoroughly together. Beat yolks of two eggs and add 1 cup milk and add to flour mixture, then add 2 tablespoons butter, whites of two eggs beaten stiff and folded in; lastly, fold in 1 cup of chopped dates that have been floured. Bake in gem pans 25 minutes.

LIVER DUMPLINGS: Now that the cool weather is

coming on, many of us will take to the making of various soups again. Liver dumpling soup is a good variation, and is made as follows: Run a half pound of calf's liver through the grinder and mix with an egg and a little flour, enough to make a soft dough. When soup is nearly finished, drop the liver mixture in by the spoonful and let boil fifteen minutes longer.

A GOOD WAY TO USE LEFT-OVER FISH: Mince the fish fine after removing all bones, season with salt, pepper, and chopped onion, break an egg over it, and add two or three boiled potatoes, mashed. Mix all together thoroughly, form into cakes and fry a golden brown. Garnish with sliced lemon and parsley.

Household Hints

To rid canned lobster, shrimp or salmon of the excessive fishy or 'tinny' taste, open a few hours before using, put into colander and pour boiling water over; then drain and cool. The flavor will be much improved.

If raisins persist in sinking to the bottom in cake, try rolling them in butter and they will not sink.

Study your furnace and learn to get the greatest amount of heat with the least amount of fuel. Most people waste fuel by letting the heat all escape out of the flue. This is true of people living on the second floor, where the heat takes longer to reach. They are in a hurry to get warm, and consequently overheat the furnace, sometimes even causing fires from overheated flues in this manner. The best way is to close the pipe damper half way, and open the bottom door about two inches after loading up. It will take a little longer, but you will have the maximum of heat.

How to Order Patterns

Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper being sure to state number and size of pattern you want. Enclose 15¢ in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to FASHION DEPARTMENT. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers of New York City. Every pattern is seam-allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly.

An attractive wardrobe is not entirely a matter of money. It is more a matter of proper selection of styles and correct fit. With the help of our dressmaking FASHION MAGAZINE, the woman forced to be economical in clothing expenditures can dress as well as women of means. This book offers a good selection of styles which can be made inexpensively. So in ordering your pattern, we suggest that you enclose an extra 10 cents for a copy of the FASHION MAGAZINE.

All patterns 15¢ each, stamps or coin (coin preferred). At least ten days should be allowed for sending patterns. Address all orders to GRAIL FASHION DEPARTMENT, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

No. 2262—Becoming Slim-Line Dress. You could make the dress entirely of silk crepe, satin, bengaline or soft woolen material or you could make the waist and tunic of a fine twill and the underskirt of satin. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 5 yards 40-inch material.

The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 717 which comes in blue and yellow, costs 15¢ extra.

No. 2199—The Very Latest! Made entirely in dark blue flannel or twill, it would be awfully smart with red bone buttons and the cape lined with red too. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch material.

No. 2215—Charming Style. The entire dress could be made of satin or silk crepe. It would also be attractive with the skirt made of lace flouncing and the waist of satin. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 3¼ yards 40-inch material.

No. 2258—Say It With Tiers! It sounds sad, but they're really quite jolly when they trim the front of a little satin afternoon dress like this. You could also make this style of silk crepe, faille silk or bengaline. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 3¼ yards 40-inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting.

No. 2193—Tonics Popular. A plaid woolen material, repeloch, twill and crepes are good materials from which to make your choice for this style. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 4¼ yards 40-inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting.

No. 1942—Practical Apron. It would be pretty made of gingham, percale, chambray, cretonne or muslin. The pattern cuts in sizes 36, 40, 44 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 2½ yards 36-inch material.

No. 2259—Jaunty Junior Style. Mohair, jersey, a fine twill, kasha or bengaline would be nice to make this smart little dress off. It is made with inverted pleats at the sides to give a graceful width to the skirt. Cut in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material.

The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 706 which comes in blue and yellow, costs 15¢ extra.

No. 2232—Double-Dress Idea. The double-dress idea so prevalent this season, is accomplished in this style by means of a separate, sleeveless guimpe. You could make the dress of one of the new ribbed silks or satin and have several gimpes of different materials. Sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 takes 3¼ yards 42-inch material for dress and 1½ yards 36-inch for guimpe.

No. 1164—Little Boys' Play Suit. For the young boy to wear to school, is this little suit, that can be made of cotton suiting, tweed, serge, flannel or broadcloth. For play wear, make it of gingham, chambray or any other wash cottons that launder well. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 takes 1½ yards 36-inch material.

No. 2194—Beltless Coat Dress. This smart version of the coat dress is indeed good-looking. Reps and crepes, flannel and twill are the most used materials for dresses of this type. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch material.

No. 2234—Pretty Frock for Girls. You can make this dress of printed challis, a fine muslin or printed silk, for a party or Sunday dress. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 takes 1½ yards 40-inch material with 1½ yards 1¼-inch banding.

No. 2245—Attractive and Easy-To-Make Apron. See, the diagram! There are only three pieces to the pattern—the upper section, and a front and back skirt section. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36 and 44 inches bust measure. You can make this apron of cretonne, percale, fancy gingham, muslin or sateen. Size 36 takes 2½ yards 36-inch material.

No. 19999—Set of Doll's Clothes for the Kiddies. Every little girl will adore a set of clothes like this for her dolly. Each garment is so very easy to make that, even one who has never sewed would find the task simple. And the little girl will be delighted with a set like this for Xmas. Cut in sizes for doll 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 22 inches high. For material requirements see pattern envelope.

No. 2013—The modern housewife is sure to be pleased with a pillow like this if it were among her Xmas gifts. The pattern comes in one size only. For material requirements, see pattern envelope.

No. 1780—The modern homemaker would be delighted with a pillow such as this. The pattern comes in one size only. For material requirements see pattern envelope.

No. 2241—Cuddly Rag Toys for Children. There is nothing so dear to the heart of a child than a rag doll. Almost always it lives after all her more expensive toys are forgotten. So if you want to delight some little girl—your own or some one's else—make her a rag doll and include it among her Christmas gifts. The pattern comes in one size only and for material requirements see pattern envelope.

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HEARING RESTORED OFTEN IN 24 HOURS

Amazing Results Secured in One Day
by Use of K-17, Formerly Known
as Rattle Snake Oil

Deafness and Head noises need not be dreaded any longer since the discovery of a widely known physician. Now it is possible for some of the most obstinate cases of deafness to be relieved in a day's time by the application of a prescription formerly known as Rattle Snake Oil. This treatment is meeting with wide success all over the country.

Mr. D. Dey, a Nebraska resident, 67 years old, says, "I have used the treatment for only two weeks and my hearing is restored perfectly. The relief was almost instantaneous and now the head noises have disappeared. My catarrh, a case of many years, standing, is improving wonderfully."

Fred McIntyre, a Kansas resident, says: "I have used K-17 for two weeks and can hear a watch tick. It has also nearly removed all evidences of my catarrh."

Head Noises Stopped

Henry Vertein, a Wisconsin resident, says: "I have used K-17 for only ten days and my head noises have stopped entirely and my hearing has shown a wonderful improvement."

Hears Clock Tick

Frank Quinn, of Mississippi, says: "Before I used K-17 I had not heard the clock tick in a long time. And after I had taken the treatment two days I could lay in bed and hear the clock tick plainly."

D. E. Bryant, of Georgia, says: "I began using K-17 on Monday and on Saturday of the same week I was hearing and have been hearing ever since. Thank you once, twice, thrice."

Head Noises Stopped in 5 Days

Mrs. D. C. Wilkins, of Mississippi, says: "K-17 has helped me wonderfully. In five days it has stopped that awful noise in my ears. I think it is a grand medicine."

Mrs. C. Roberts, of Florida, says: "I was entirely deaf in my left ear for two years and then in both. When I got your treatment I could hear in twenty-four hours."

Such amazing reports come from all over this country and foreign countries. The prescription, which is known as K-17, is easily used at home and seems to work like magic in its rapidity on people of all ages.

So confident are we that K-17 will restore your hearing quickly, and to introduce this remarkable treatment to a million more sufferers, we will send a large \$2.00 treatment for only \$1.00 on ten day's free trial. If the results are not satisfactory the treatment costs nothing.

Send no money—just your name and address to the GREENE LABORATORIES, 524 GREENE BLDG., KANSAS CITY, KAN., and the treatment will be mailed at once. Use it according to the simple directions. If at the end of 10 days your hearing is not relieved, your head noises gone entirely, just send it back and your money will be refunded without question. This offer is fully guaranteed, so write today and give this wonderful compound a trial.

Rub Rheumatic Pain From Aching Joints

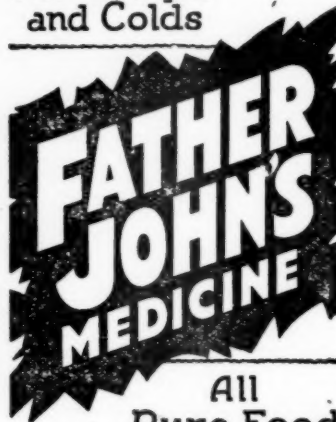
Stop "dosing" Rheumatism.

It's pain only; not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" right on the "tender spot," and by the time you say Jack Robinson—out comes the rheumatic pain and distress. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism liniment which never disappears and doesn't burn the skin. It takes pain, soreness and stiffness from aching joints, muscles and bones; stops sciatica, lumbago, backache and neuralgia.

Limber up! Get a small trial bottle of old-time, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" from any drug store, and in a moment, you'll be free from pains, aches and stiffness. Don't suffer! Rub rheumatism away.



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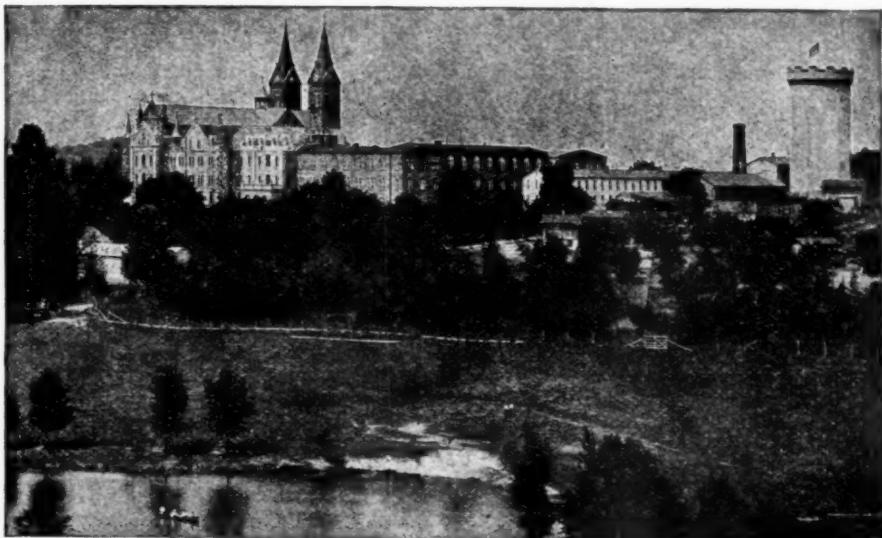
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Indiana

Young Man!

Help the Home Missions by Becoming a Lay Brother!

To save souls the priest needs the help of the Lay Brother



The Benedictine Order at first consisted almost exclusively of lay members. Its ideal—the perfect family life of prayer and work like to the first Christians—preached the Catholic religion from the Abbeys more by example than by word. This is the secret of the Benedictines converting England, Germany, Scandinavia and the lands of the Slavs. Monks as priests were necessary for this, but there remained always as faithful coworkers, the lay members of the community, now known as Lay Brothers.

The work of the Benedictine Lay Brothers in the United States has been chiefly for the Home Missions. In each Abbey they have assisted by prayer and work in the training of a native clergy,—the only way to make a mission permanent. As a particular case, take the Abbey whence the Grail comes. Nearly fifty Lay Brothers, in their devotion to the domestic affairs, make possible the education of nearly three hundred students for the priesthood for the central states, chiefly for Indiana. Indiana is a mission field,—only one Catholic in every ten persons. The Lay Brothers from the Abbey have also been active in the Sioux Indian missions of the Dakotas.

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